

# H A R D Y K N U T E .



*Stallot del*

*R. Walston sculp*

*With languid look and cheeks in sorrow dy'd,  
The wounded Knight thus mournfully reply'd:  
Kind generous Chieftain your intent pursue,  
Here must I stay here bid the world adieu.*

*See Page 258 line 7*



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*See Page 258 line 7*

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# P O E M S.

BY

ALEXANDER WILSON.

——Sweet Poetry, thou loveliest Maid,  
Still first to fly, where sensual Joys invade——  
Dear, charming Nymph, neglected and decry'd,  
My shame in crouds, my solitary pride;  
Thou, source of all my Bliss, and all my Woe,  
Thou found'st me poor at first, and kept me so——

GOLDSMITH.

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P A I S L E Y:

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HROUGH life, what miseries, cares, and disappointments daily occur to those on whom Fortune seems to look unpropitious ! Hours, with them, are days, months seem years, and Time steals as sluggishly onward, as if he delighted in our griefs, and wished to spin out our miserable existence. In such sickening circumstances, the mind eagerly engages in any pursuit that can communicate one gleam of joy, however transient, one prospect of pleasure, however remote. An attempt to beguile some of those unhappy moments, joined to an irresistible love of Poetry, gave being to the greatest number of the pieces that compose the following Collection. And, as the intention of every publication should be to instruct, or entertain, or both, I fondly hope, that having endeavoured to blend the two together ; to adorn them with the colouring of poetry, and enliven them with humour and fancy, they may not be altogether unacceptable.



Poetry, notwithstanding those numerous and formidable volumes that now march through the land, is, in my opinion, long since on the decline ; and instead of its noble sentiments, sprightly wit, and astonishing imagery, we are of late tormented with the mere tinkling of childish rhymes. Should this miscellany be deservedly included among those insipid lumps, I shall drop my pen with a sigh, and resign the wished-for laurels to some more fortunate adventurer. Time, but neither the applause of fools, or the snarling of a ZOILUS, will fix the fate of these little pieces, whose merits, their immediate relapse into oblivion, or their honourable existence two hundred years hence, shall determine. However, as I have not a doubt, but that either from my own deficiencies, from envy, or the ignorant affectation of others, I may have enemies enough to encounter ; I shall here address two species of my most formidable antagonists, of whom a certain train of stiff, upright, formal, square-and-rule critics shall have the preference.

Methinks I see one of these dogmatic Pedants, poring over this book, wrying his mouth with every revolving leaf ; ever and anon muttering to himself the expressive monosyllable “ Stuff— ! ” Ten thousand unpardonable faults that escape,

even the judicious, his penetrating eye discovers.

“ See! here an apostrophe is omitted—What a

“ transposition of grammar!—This expression

“ should and ought to have been, according to all

“ the just and equitable rules of grammar, inclosed,

“ confined, or put between two parenthesis.”

The Pedant possessed of such a narrow soul, may be justly likened to another of his kind, inspecting through a microscope the shining surface of a needle; to every other eye it glitters, smooth and polished, but to his, seems nothing else than a coarse rugged piece of deformity. Not that I would here be understood to depreciate that useful branch of learning, or justify a loose, incorrect mode of writing; far from it; but let those, whose deepest observations and most powerful objections, consist of misplaced commas, superfluous conjunctions, unnecessary repetitions, and such like truly important points; I say, let them, in the midst of their exclamations, consider, how little I wrong them, and how much they are indebted to my very faults. Had I never deviated from their mathematical lines, how many glorious opportunities would they have lost of displaying to the world the excellence of that deep erudition which they certainly possess. Let me however seriously ask them,



Would they, for the misplacing of one dish at table, lose the enjoyment of their dinner? If not, never let the unfortunate slip of a grammatical error prejudice them against a whole piece, and let them be content if, in one instance, I have kept to their rules; for, in plain English, let me say it, *Them* I never did intend to please, and *their* applauses I would not hesitate to consider as so much ridicule.

As for those, whose judgment, knowledge, taste and impartiality, justly entitle them to the appellation of Critics; to you with diffidence I submit the following pieces. To defy *you* would be, no doubt, to arouse the indignant lion, and seal my own destruction. Yet think not that I shall here abjectly kneel—beseech your gracious clemency—profess my own insignificance, and tremble for your sentence. No; all I request from you, or the world, is simply this: Peruse with impartiality the following pages—Give merit its praise where you find it—And pity, rather than exult with a savage joy, over those frailties to which every mortal is liable; ever generously considering, that,

“ To *err* is human, to *forgive* divine.”

PAISLEY, }  
 July 22, 1790. }

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P O E M S.

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M O R N I N G.

SCENE, A BARN.

*My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.*

GOLDSMITH.

**H**AIL! ye drear shadows, willing I approach  
Once more to join you, from my humble couch.  
Welcome, ye friendly shades—ye kindred glooms!  
More do I love you than the wealthy's rooms.  
The dark, damp walls—the roof, scarce cover'd o'er,  
The wind, wild whistling thro' the cold Barn-door.  
Those, like myself, are hung in ragged state;  
And this seems shrilly to deplore my fate.

Far from a home, Fate has my lot design'd,  
A lot inglorious, and a lot unkind;  
No friend at hand to bless my list'ning ear,  
No kind companion to dispel my care,  
No coin to revel round the flowing bowl,  
And in dark shades to wrap the wett'ring soul.

B

If that is bliss, 'twas what I never miss'd,  
And were it all, I'd rather be unblest'd.

But, come, thou chearer of my frowning hours,  
Native of heav'n, adorn'd with blooming flow'rs;  
Thou, who oft deigns the shepherd's breast to warm,  
As on the steep he feeds his fleecy swarm;  
Sublimes his soul, thro' Nature vast to soar,  
Her works to view, to wonder and adore.  
Tho' fortune frown, and writhing Envy hiss,  
Be thou, O POETRY, my pride, my bliss;  
My source of health—Misfortune's adverse spear,  
My joy hereafter, and my pleasure here.

While yet sad Night sits empress of the sky,  
And o'er the world dark shades confus'dly lie,  
Forth let me stray, along the dew-wet plains,  
While all air echoes with the Lark's loud strains.  
With lonely step I'll seek the gloomy shade  
Of yon wide oak, half bending o'er the glade,  
Here let me rest, unseen by human eye,  
And sing the beauties of the dawning sky.

How still is all around! far on yon height  
The new-wak'd Hind has struck a glimm'ring light;



Hush'd is the breeze, while high the clouds among  
 The early Lark pours out her thrilling song,  
 Springs from the grassy lea, or rustling corn,  
 Tow'rs thro' dull night and wakes the coming morn.  
 And see! sweet Morning comes, far in the east,  
 Pale lustre shedding o'er the mountain's breast;  
 Slow is her progress, unobserv'd her pace,  
 She comes increasing, and she comes with grace;  
 The dewy landscape opens on the eye;  
 Far to the west the gloomy vapours fly;  
 Instant awake, the feather'd tribes arise,  
 Sport thro' the grove, or warble in the skies,  
 Blithe and exulting, with refreshen'd glee,  
 From ev'ry bush and ev'ry dropping tree.

In fullen silence, to her ancient home,  
 Where close shut up she doses all day long,  
 The hermit Owl, slow takes her gloomy way,  
 And frets and grudges at th' approach of day,  
 The Bat, the busiest of the midnight train,  
 That wing the air, or sulky tread the plain,  
 Sees MORNING open on each field and bow'r,  
 And ends her mazes in yon ruin'd tow'r.  
 Now is the time, while joy and song prevail,  
 To spurn dull sleep, and brush the flow'ry dale;

To climb the height of some hill's airy brow,  
 Where woods shoot branching from the cliffs below;  
 Where some clear brook winds in the vale profound,  
 And rich the landscape spreads immense around;  
 While, under-foot, gay crimson'd daisies peep,  
 And *shepherds clubs* \* hang nodding o'er the steep;  
 There, on the downy turf, at ease reclin'd,  
 Invite the Muse to aid your teeming mind,  
 Then shall grim Care, with all his furies fly,  
 As sulky night speeds from the dawning sky,  
 And your calm breast enjoy a rapt'ring glow,  
 Which wealth or indolence can ne'er bestow.

Let boist'rous drunkards, at th' approach of day,  
 In stagg'ring herds forth from the tavern stray,  
 Stand belching oaths, and nauseous streams of wine,  
 Less men resembling than the grov'lling swine.  
 The Cit, with pride and sordid meanness bred,  
 His be the privilege to snore in bed,  
 No knowledge gaining from the changing skies,  
 But just his bed-time, and his time to rise.

Mine be the bliss to hail the purpling dawn,  
 To mark the dew-drops glitt'ring o'er the lawn;

\* A wild flower.

Thrice happy period, when amid the throng  
 Of warbling birds, I join the grateful song ;  
 Or wand'ring, thoughtful, near the bubbling stream,  
 Or rapt in fancy by the early beam ;  
 Each gives a joy, an inward reigning bliss,  
 Pen can't describe, nor lab'ring tongue express.

O thou dread Pow'r ! thou Architect divine !  
 Who bids these seasons roll—those myriads shine ;  
 Whose smile decks Nature in her loveliest robe,  
 Whose frown shakes terror o'er th' astonish'd globe ;  
 To thee I kneel ; still deign to be a friend,  
 Accept my praise, and pardon where I've sin'd ;  
 Inspire my thoughts, make them unfullied flow,  
 To see thy goodness in thy works below ;  
 That whether Morning gilds the sky serene,  
 Or golden Day beams o'er the blooming plain,  
 Or dewy Ev'ning cheers, while Philo. sings,  
 Or ancient Night out-spreads her raven wings ;  
 Whether soft breezes curl along the flood,  
 Or madd'ning tempests bend the roaring wood,  
 Rejoic'd, adoring, I may view the change,  
 And, while on fancy's airy plumes I range,  
 Collect calm Reason, awe-struck eye their ways,  
 And join the chorus, since they sound thy praise.



## ALEXIS' COMPLAINT.

*Of joys departed, never to return,  
How painful the remembrance!*

BLAIR.

'TWAS where smooth CARTHA\* rolls in winding pride,  
Where willows fringe young DAMON's garden side,  
And o'er the rocks the boiling current roars,  
Murm'ring, to leave these peaceful, flow'ry shores,  
There, sad and pensive, near an aged thorn,  
Sat lone ALEXIS, friendless and forlorn.

Pale was his visage, lost to joy his ear,  
Involv'd in grief, he shed the ceaseless tear.  
Poor hapless Swain, alas! he mourn'd alone,  
His dearest Friend, his kind Companion gone.  
Each list'ning bush forgot in air to play;  
Round gaz'd the flock, mute hung the peopl'd spray;

\* The river that passes through Paisley.

Sad Silence reign'd, while thus the Youth, distressed,  
 Pour'd forth the sorrows of his burden'd breast :  
 O'er all the plain the mournful strains pervade,  
 O'er all the plain a solemn sadness spread, }  
 Nor wak'd an echo, but to murmur " dead !"  
 Thus sung the hapless Swain, " Short is the span  
 Of fleeting time, allow'd to feeble Man !  
 No sooner born, he fills the air with cries ;  
 No sooner known, than pale he droops, and dies.  
 To-day he laughs the dancing hours away ;  
 To-morrow lies extended lifeless clay.  
 While o'er the silent corpse, each weeping swain,  
 In anguish sigh, but sigh or weep in vain.  
 Such was thy fate, HORATIO! from this shore  
 Too sudden torn, ne'er to revisit more.  
 The rigid debt, alas! thou now hast paid ;  
 Thee on the couch relentless Fever laid ;  
 Thy heaving breast, with dread disorder wrung,  
 And 'plaints, still trembling from thy feeble tongue ;  
 And scarce a soul, thy frequent wants to ease,  
 Or soothe each moan, or whisper to thee peace,  
 While I, far distant, on a foreign plain,  
 Exulting, rovd, unconscious of thy pain.  
 Oh! had I known the pangs that tore thy breast,  
 Had some kind pow'r but whisper'd, " He's distressed",

Soon had I measur'd back my lonely way,  
 And fought the bed where poor HORATIO lay,  
 Kifs'd from thy face the cold, damp, deadly dew,  
 And groan'd my last, distracted, long adieu.

“ That dismal hour ne'er from my thought shall go,  
 When black appear'd the messenger of woe;  
 O'er all my soul a gloomy horror came,  
 And instant trembling shook my feeble frame.  
 Thy dying strains I read, still yet I hear  
 The solemn counsel sounding in my ear \*;  
 Words that shall tremble on my latest breath,  
 And only leave me when I sink in death.  
 Frantic with grief, twice fifty miles I sped,  
 O'er sev'ring seas, and gain'd his silent bed;  
 Each weeping friend confirm'd my gloomy fear,  
 That earth had clos'd on all I held most dear!  
 Yes, mute he lies, beneath yon rising sod,  
 While his lone Cot of Peace, the late abode,  
 Now, grim and drear, to tott'ring ruin falls,  
 Loud blasts, wild howling thro' the naked walls,  
 His flow'rs torn up, his garden bare and waste,  
 And I lone left, a solitary guest.

\* Alluding to a Letter which he wrote to the Author a few days before he died.



“ Sad change indeed!——ye once lov’d scenes!  
where now

The growing bliss I felt at each fond view?  
Where all that sweetness, that perfum’d each flow’r,  
That bless’d our walks, and wing’d the passing hour?  
For ever fled! fled with that pride of swains,  
Whose presence grac’d these now forsaken plains!  
When he appear’d, each warbler rais’d his note,  
Each flow’r blow’d fresher, midst the peaceful spot;  
Ev’n while sweet CARTHIA pass’d the smiling scene,  
She smother flow’d, and left the place with pain.  
Thrice happy times! when hid from Phœbus’ beam,  
From that green shade we angl’d in her stream,  
Or, wanton, stript, and, from the hanging shore,  
Exulting, plung’d her pearly depths t’ explore,  
Tore from their rocky homes the pregnant dames,  
And to the Sun display’d the glob’lous gems.

“ But now no more, amid the peaceful night,  
Beneath pale Luna’s azure throned light,  
We’ll leave the noisy town, and slowly stray  
Where shadowy trees branch on the moon-light way;  
There wake the flute, harmonious, soft and shrill,  
While Echo warbles from the distant hill.  
Gone are those times, for which, alas! I mourn;  
Gone are those times, nor shall they e’er return;

Gone is my friend, and ev'n forgot his name,  
 And strangers rude, his little Mansion claim;  
 New schemes shall tear those blooming shrubs away,  
 And that green sod turn down to rugged clay,  
 Where rich Carnations burst the pond'rous pod,  
 Where Pinks and Daisies fring'd the peebly road;  
 Where glowing Roses hung the bended spray;  
 And crimson'd Tulips rose, neat rang'd and gay;  
 Where all these bloom'd beneath their Guardian's eye,  
 Hogs shall inhabit, and foul dunghills lie.  
 Then, oh! adieu, ye now unfriendly shores,  
 Another Swain now claims your flow'ry stores,  
 A surly Swain, puff'd up with pride immense,  
 And see! he comes, stern to command me hence.  
 Thou hoary Thorn, adieu, ere 'tis too late,  
 Yon lifted ax seems to announce thy fate."

Thus spoke the Youth; then, rising, ceas'd his strain,  
 And, wrapt in anguish, wander'd o'er the plain.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. D\*\*\*\* B\*\*\*\*\*.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

**S**TAIN'D with the guilt of Man's continued crimes,  
The parting Year prepares to wing its way,  
To join the concourse of departed times,  
And wait the summons of the final Day.

Its sad egress no crimson'd Clouds bewail,  
Nor tuneful Bird, its parting moment cheers;  
But silent, wrapt in WINTER's gloomiest Veil,  
It leaves us trembling at the load it bears.

Far distant, in an Inns, third flat uprear'd,  
The Sheet beneath a glimm'ring Taper spread,  
While o'er the shadowy walls no sound is heard,  
Save Time's slow, constant, momentary tread.



Here, lone I sit—and will you, Sir, excuse  
My midnight strain, while (feebly as she can)  
Inspiring Silence bids the serious Muse  
Survey the transient bliss pursu'd by Man?

Deluded Man! for him Spring paints the fields,  
For him warm Summer rears the rip'ning grain;  
He grasps the bounty that rich Autumn yields,  
And counts those trifles as essential gain.

For him, indeed, those lesser blessings flow,  
Yet why so fleeting, why so short their stay?—  
To teach poor Mortals, what they first should know,  
That all is transient as the passing day.

Short is the period since green smil'd the wood,  
And flow'rs ambrosial bath'd my morning path;  
Sweet was the murm'ring of the glitt'ring flood,  
Glad roam'd the flocks along th' empurpl'd heath.

With conscious joy I hail'd the rosy scene,  
And join'd in concert with the woodland throng;  
Stretch'd by the hazel bank, or sunny plain,  
Where answ'ring Echo warbl'd out the Song.

Delightful times! but, ah! how short their stay!  
Stript was the foliage from each flow'r and tree;  
Grim growling Winter veil'd the joyless day,  
And roar'd imperious o'er the hail-beat lea.

Where now the fragrance of the howling wood?  
Or what the pleasures we from Morn can taste?  
The snow-clad banks, the big brown roaring flood,  
The bleak wind whistling o'er the drifted waste.

'Tis thus, dear Sir, in Life's delusive dream,  
We fondly sport, till Youth's wild act is o'er;  
Till Age—till Death—steals on, in fullen stream,  
And worldly bubbles charm the soul no more.

But, hark! the fullen midnight tempest roars;  
Loud o'er my fireless Dome it wildly howls;  
Th' adjoining Ocean, thro' her rocky shores,  
Majestic groans, and swells the mingled growls.

The shiv'ring Muse has fled my frozen frame,  
And shouts of riot strike my list'ning ear;  
In sinking—mounting—sad inconstant flame,  
My candle's ending with the ending year.

Adieu, my friend! may success, health and peace  
Crown your each year, and ev'ry labour too;  
And sure, if virtuous worth claims human praise,  
Fate still in keeping holds a wreath for you.

Fraught with fresh blessings be this coming year;  
And should some fav'ring period of its reign  
Admit my steps, rejoic'd I'll homeward steer,  
And hail your mansion, and my friend again.



A D D R E S S

T O

C A L D E R B A N K\*.

**Y**E hoary Rocks, ye woody Cliffs; that rise  
Unwieldy, jutting o'er the brawling Brook;  
Ye louring steeps, where hid the Adder lies,  
Where sleeps the Owl, and screams the fable Rook;

Ye rev'rend trunks, that spread your leafy arms,  
To shield the gloom, that darkling dwells below;  
Ye nameless flow'rs, ye busy-winged swarms;  
Ye Birds that warble, and ye streams that flow—

\* A deep, solitary Vale or Glen, near the village of Lochwinnoch, some miles in length, and bounded by steep, romantic rocks, through which the river CALDER, overhung with woods, forces its way.

Say, ye blest scenes of Solitude and Peace,  
Stray'd e'er a BARD along this hermit shore ?  
Did e'er his pencil your perfections trace ?  
Or did his Muse to sing your beauties soar ?

Has oft at early Morn, and silent Eve,  
Responsive Echo stole athwart the trees ;  
While easy laid beside the glitt'ring wave,  
The Shepherd sung, his list'ning Fair to please ?

Alas! methinks the weeping Rocks around,  
And the lone Stream, that murmurs far below,  
And Trees and Caves, with solemn hollow sound,  
Breathe out one mournful, melancholy—" No."

( 25 )

THE  
S H E P H E R D E S S'  
D R E A M.

FOUNDED ON A FACT.

**W**HERE LORN's wild hills, in lonely grandeur  
rise  
From th' Atlantic shore, till lost amid the skies,  
Immensely throwing, while young Morning smiles,  
Their dark'ning shadows o'er the distant isles;  
Here, near the border of a ragged wood,  
The young MARIA's rural Cottage stood.

Soon as the Night to western skies was borne,  
And early Cock proclaim'd the op'ning Morn,  
Forth stray'd the blooming Maid, with all her train  
Of Bleaters, nibbling o'er th' empurpl'd plain.  
High on the summit's brow, or braky Glen,  
Or heathy dale, or near the grassy fen,

D



Or on the hill, they fed, where blue bells hung  
 Their nodding heads, high thron'd the sweet Lark  
                   fung,  
 While Rocks around, with lows and bleatings rung.

Here stray'd the SHEPHERDESS, while blazing day  
 Awoke the warbling choir, and flow'rets gay.  
 Deep in the shade she shunn'd the fultry air,  
 Or kept from startling sweep her milky care,  
 Till in the sea bright Phœbus' chariot roll'd,  
 Then, singing, wore them homewards to the Fold.

Near her lone Cottage rose the rugged shore,  
 Where foaming billows rav'd with ceaseless roar ;  
 High, grim, and dreadful hung the gloomy steep,  
 And tow'r'd black threat'ning o'er the low-sunk deep,  
 And now 'twas Night—the Maid in bed reclin'd,  
 The following prospect open'd on her mind.

She dream'd, That careless in the noontide ray,  
 Stretch'd on a flow'ry bank, she sleeping lay,  
 When some kind voice, soft whisper'd in her ear,  
 “ MARIA! rise, thy flock hath left thee here”—  
 Sudden she started, found herself alone,  
 Around all silent, and her Bleaters gone.

She snatch'd her Crook, flew o'er the lonely dale,  
 Plung'd thro' the Brook, and gaz'd adown the vale;  
 But nought appear'd. Again she sought the heath,  
 Each creek, each hollow view'd with panting breath;  
 Till, toil'd and faint, the airy steep she gains,  
 And views enraptur'd, views them on the plains—  
 Cows, sheep and goats, at once burst on her eye,  
 Some crop the herbs, while others peaceful lie,  
 Her little heart expands in an exulting cry. }  
 Yet still she thought, between her and the flock,  
 Arose a shelvy, black, impervious rock,  
 Which oft she strove to pass, but strove in vain,  
 Some pow'r unseen still pull'd her back again.  
 With toil fatigu'd, she view'd them as they fed,  
 And on the rock reclin'd her heavy head.

Thus dream'd the Maid, and waking midst the  
 Night,  
 Beheld, good gods! beheld a horrid sight.  
 High on a rock's dread verge, hung o'er the main,  
 Whose far-funk surge wheel'd round her giddy brain,  
 Amaz'd she found herself, half clad, alone;  
 Her hand laid leaning on a jutting stone,  
 Dark was the night, save where the shrowded Moon,  
 'Midst dusky clouds, shone on the waste aroun',

And shew'd the horrid steep, a dreadful sight,  
Cliff hung o'er cliff, in grim stupendous height.  
Back from the threat'ning scene she headlong fled,  
Lest the whole mass might yield beneath her tread:  
Then rais'd the Maid to Heav'n her streaming eyes,  
And pour'd her grateful soul in fervent sighs,  
To that kind Pow'r, who feeble mortals keeps,  
Whose eye, all-seeing, slumbers not nor sleeps;  
To whom each Being owes all that he hath,  
Each pulse's throb, and each returning breath,  
Implor'd his presence, still to guard her path,  
Then, rising, fought her Cot along the lonely heath.



T H O U G H T S

I N

A C H U R C H - Y A R D .

*Earth's bighest station ends in, Here he lies;  
And, dust to dust, concludes her noblest song.*

YOUNG.

**A** GAIN, O Sadness! soft'ning pow'r, again  
I woo thee, thoughtful, from this letter'd stone;  
And, hail, thou comes! to view the dreary scene  
Where ghastly Death has fixt his awful throne.

How lone! how solemn seems each view around?

I see, at distance, oh! distracting sight!

I see the Tomb—the humble grassy mound,

Where he now lies, once all my soul's delight!

A Youth more gen'rous, more humanely kind,  
A Friend more loving, or a Heart more brave,  
Ne'er breath'd a Being from th' Eternal Mind,  
Nor fell a Victim to the cruel grave.

But, cease, ye tears, nor thus incessant flow,  
And still these tumults, oh! thou bleeding heart;  
Methinks his Shade soft whispers, "Wait the blow,  
And soon we'll meet, ne'er, ne'er again to part."

Here stands the Artist's tomb, in splendour rear'd,  
And all the pomp surviving Art can give;  
But will hoar Time the pillar'd Dome regard,  
And shall its pride to endless ages live?

No—though the marble seems to start to life,  
Tho' firm as rock the structure rears its head,  
Time's cank'ring jaws will end the daring strife,  
And lay it level with th' unhonour'd dead.

Ye lonely heaps, ye bones, ye grim skulls, say,  
Must I be stretch'd cold, lifeless in the dust;  
Must this poor head be wrapt in putrid clay,  
And glare like you?—Ye murmur back—"It  
must."

Then what avail thy fleeting joys, O Time!

Thy Bliss uncertain, when such truths are sure;  
May these scenes teach me to condemn this clime,  
And seek that Bliss, those Joys that shall endure.

These are thy spoils, thou grisly monarch, Death!

Grim pleas'd thou stalks above the low-laid train;  
Each sculptur'd stone, each poor low grassy wreath,  
Thou eyes as trophies of thy dreadful fame.

But know, proud lord, thy reign shall have an end,

Tho' nought on earth can now resist its force;  
Yet, shalt thou fall beneath a mightier hand,  
And yield thy weapons, and thy meagre Horse.

In that dread day, when from the bellowing clouds,  
The Trump's loud sound shall shake th' affrighted  
Earth,

When *these*, and millions, struggling from their  
shrouds,

Shall wake to mis'ry or to endless mirth:

When 'Time shall cease, in scanty stream to flow,

And Earth and Stars, in endless ruin sink,

Then Heav'n's high KING, with one triumphant blow,  
Shall dash thee headlong from Existence's brink.



But, see! sad Ev'ning spreads her sable veil,  
The chilly breeze bleak ruffles o'er the lawn;  
For once, adieu; ye silent heaps, farewell,  
Perhaps I join you ere to-morrow's dawn.

Oft let me stray where these lone Captives lie,  
And, sad and thoughtful, o'er the deep grave bend;  
This is the place, Truth tells us, with a sigh,  
Where all our sorrows, or our singing end.

V E R S E S,

T O T H E

MEMORY OF AN ENGAGING YOUTH,

UNCOMMONLY ATTACHED TO LEARNING.

**H**ERE, Stranger! pause, and, sadly, o'er this stone  
A moment ponder, on the deeds of Fate:  
Snatch'd hence, in blooming Youth, here moulders one,  
Whose life seem'd worthy of a longer date.

Mild was his temper, and his soul serene;  
Truth warm'd his breast, and dwelt upon his tongue:  
Oft would he wander, from the noisy scene,  
To list, while Virgil, or bold Homer sung.

With such a Son, what was his Parents joy,  
No thought can reach it, nor no tongue can tell;  
Nor paint their anguish, when the lovely Boy,  
By Death assaulted, pale and lifeless fell.

Yet they submit to Heav'n's wise-acting Pow'r;  
And think, O Reader! as thou treads this sod,  
He once, like thee, enjoy'd Life's glitt'ring hour;  
Thou soon, like him, must pass Death's gloomy road.

E

## E P I S T L E

TO MR. J\*\*\*\* K\*\*\*\*\*.

**A**S when, by play retarded, past his hour,  
 The scampering school-boy ventures to the door,  
 With throbbing breast, lifts to the busy noise,  
 And starts, to hear the Master's awful voice,  
 Oft sighs and looks—now offers to burst in,  
 Now backward shrinks, and dreads a smarting skin,  
 Till desp'rate grown, by fear detain'd more late,  
 He lifts the latch, and boldly meets his fate :

So I, dear Sir, have oft snatch'd up the quill  
 To hail your ear, yet have been silent still.  
 Aw'd by superior worth my pen forgot  
 Its wonted pow'r, and trembled out a blot ;  
 The Muse sat mute, and hung her languid head,  
 And Fancy crawl'd, with diffidence and dread,  
 Till, forc'd at last, I spurn the phantom *Fear*,  
 And dare to face your dread tribunal here.



No flow'ry sweets I bring, tho' Summer reigns,  
 And Flocks, delighted, rove thro' painted plains ;  
 Tho' glitt'ring Brooks flow smooth, meand'ring by,  
 And Larks soar, warbling thro' the azure sky ;  
 And Meads and Groves rejoice—to me unblest ;  
 For, oh ! bleak WINTER raves within my breast ;  
 Here whirls a Storm, tho' hid from human sight,  
 Fiercer than winds that howl thro' gloomy Night.

As Griefs reveal'd are robb'd of half their sting,  
 And seeming Doubts, when told, oft take to wing,  
 Permit me here, some mis'ries to unnest,  
 That long have harbour'd in my lab'ring breast.

Oft pale-ey'd Poverty, in fullen state,  
 Stalks round, and threatens to deform my fate ;  
 Points to the future times, and, grinning, says,  
 “ Old Age and I shall curse thy Ev'ning days ;  
 His shaking hand shall change thy locks to gray,  
 Thy head to baldness, and thy strength to clay ;  
 Make thy sad Hor'zon with dark tempests roll,  
 And lead me forward to complete the whole :  
 To count thy groans—to hear thee hopeless mourn,  
 And wave *these* trophies o'er thy closing Urn.”

Then mad Ambition revels thro' my brain,  
 And restless bids me spurn Life's grov'ling plain,  
 Awake the Muse, and soft enrapt'ring Lyre,  
 To G\*\*\*\*\*'s praise, our Villa's friendly Sire ;  
 In glowing colours paint his rural Seat,  
 Where Songsters warble, and where Lambkins bleat ;  
 Where groves and plains, in sweet disorder lie,  
 Hills rough with woods, that tow'ring cleave the sky ;  
 And darksome woody Vales, where hid from sight,  
 Lone CALDER brawls o'er many a rocky height ;  
 Tell, in soft strains, how rich our plains appear,  
 What plenty crowns them each revolving year,  
 Till smiles approving bless my task and Fame,  
 Enrol the Patriot, and the Poet's name,

But when (sad theme!) I view my feeble Rhyme,  
 And weigh my worth for such a flight sublime,  
 With tearful eye, survey the fate of those,  
 Whose pow'rful learning shielded not from foes ;  
 Damp'd at the thought, Fear clogs the Muse's wing,  
 And Grief and Hope by turns inspire or sting.

While such sad thoughts, such grim reflections roll,  
 In dark succession, o'er my gloomy soul,  
 One ray from You, to chase the cheerless gloom,  
 And bid fair Fancy's fields their sweets resume,

Wou'd lift my heart, light as the sweepy wind,  
And deeper bind me your indebted friend.

When darkness reigns, or Ev'ning silence deep,  
Some moments rescue from the jaws of Sleep,  
Bid your sweet Muse unfold her downy wings,  
And teach a Youth to touch the trembling strings;  
Dispel his doubts, arouse his hovering flame,  
And point the road that leads to bliss and Fame.



E P I S T L E

TO MR. J\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\*.

CLOS'D in a Garret, spread wi' beuks,  
Whare spider wabs, in dozens,  
Hing mirk athort the winnock neuks,  
Maist dark'ning up the lozens,  
Thro' whilk the Sin, wi' beams sae braw,  
Ne'er shows his face discreetly,  
Save whan out owre the MISTY-LAW,  
He's flitherin' downward sweetly,  
To close the day.

Here fits the Bardie, Sir, his lane,  
Right glad to rest retir'd;  
His griefs an' girnin cares a' gane,  
An' a' his fancy fir'd;  
The Muses round him dancin' thrang,  
Their skill fu' proud to show it;  
In lively measure, thun'erin' lang,  
To sing an' please the Poet  
O' B\*\*\*\*, this day

O! how my heart exulting louns,  
To meet a chiel like you ;  
Life's bitter Horn aside it coups,  
An' fill'ft wi' chearing blue ;  
While chaunrin' Critics girn an' growl,  
An' curfe whate'er they light on,  
The honest, friendly, gen'rous foul  
Can check, inspire and brighten,  
Wi' ease, each day.

Yet some there are, whase flinty hearts,  
An' hollow heads (poor wretches!)  
Despise the Poet's glorious parts,  
An' ca' them daudron b—ch—s.  
Tell them a plan o' cent. per cent.  
They'll glut yer words like hinee ;  
But mention Poetry, they'll gaunt  
An' gloom, as gin't war Sinee,  
Or Salts, that day

Anither fet comes in my view,  
A' trampin' heaven's way in.  
See! how they shake their heads, an' groo  
At ought but grace an' prayin'.  
These godly fouks will tak' the qualms,  
To hear a Rhyme-repeater,

An' solemnly declare the 'Salms

To be the far best metre

On earth, this day.

Poor brainless wights! they little ken

Its charms, its soaring fire;

In ev'ry age, the best of men,

Have, raptur'd, tun'd the lyre.

'Tis *this* that breathes Job's mournful plaints,

Or aids him to adore,

And this, the Seraph's mouth and Saints,

Will fill when Time's no more,

But endless Day.

Whan bonny Spring adorns the year,

An' ilka Herb is springing,

An' birds, on blossom'd branches clear,

Wi' lightsome hearts, are singing;

How sweet, to rove at early Morn,

Where dewy flow'rs are ranket,

While they, wha sic enjoyments scorn,

Lie snorin' in a blanket,

Till height o' day.



I ne'er was rich, nor ever will,  
But ony time ye come  
To our bit Town, we'se hae a gill,  
An' ower't we'se no fit dumb.  
A Gill, man, spreads the Muse's wing,  
Sets ilka quill in order,  
An' gars her mount, an' soar, an' sing,  
Till she maist gains the border  
O' brightest day.

E L E G Y  
ON THE  
DEATH OF W—— W——.

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

SUNK was the Sun, midst clouds of gold,  
Lone Night reign'd from her starry dome,  
When slow I left the bleating fold,  
And weary fought my little home.

There, sad and cheerless, near the fire,  
I gloomy sat, to grief resign'd;  
And, while down stole the silent tear,  
These thoughts flow wand'ring o'er my mind.

Alas!—my distant friend, I fear—  
Why these woe-bodings at my heart?  
What sound still tinkles in my ear,  
Which Mirth nor Pleasure can divert?

I spoke—I figh'd—and rais'd my head——

I figh'd, I groan'd, yet knew not why,  
When, strange! a voice soft breath'd out, *Dead!*  
I heard, and chang'd to palest clay.

Prostrate I fell, lull'd in a faint,  
Till by degrees life on me broke;  
I wak'd to mis'ry—rose pale, spent,  
And thus in deep distraction spoke.

And art thou gone, oh! hapless Youth!  
And shall these eyes ne'er view thee more?  
Thou, in whose glowing breast dwelt truth,  
Art thou for ever from me tore?

Ye dreary walls, list to my doom,  
Bear witness to my heart-felt wail,  
And wrap you with a darker gloom,  
While I relate the mournful tale.

For, oh! insatiate cruel death,  
Hath torn from me my dearest friend;  
Then farewell, World, and hated breath;  
I shall not long delay behind.



Ah, see! the breathless Cor'se there lies,  
White stretch'd along—distracting sight!  
How chang'd that face! How sunk those eyes!  
For ever sunk in endless night!

Pale is the face that wont to smile,  
Adorn'd with charms of native red;  
Cold, cold that breast, where envious Guile  
Ne'er found a shelter for her head.

Oh! barb'rous Death—relentless Pow'r!  
How hast thou made my bosom bleed?  
In one tremendous, awful hour,  
Thou'st made me wretched—poor indeed.

Ye once delightful scenes, adieu!  
Where first I drew my infant breath,  
Since the sole friend this breast ere knew,  
Clos'd are his eyes, and sunk in death.

Farewel, ye Banks with willows tipt,  
Where oft beneath the summer beam,  
'Midst flow'ry grass, we've fondly stript,  
And plung'd beneath the opening stream.

No more, while Winter rules the sky,  
And firms pure CARTHA's icy face,  
Shall he on skates, swift, bounding fly,  
While I pursue the mazy chace.

No more, alas! we'll nightly walk  
Beneath the silent, silver Moon;  
Or pass the rapt'ring hours in talk,  
In yonder Bow'r, retir'd from noon.

How will that beauteous Maid bewail,  
Whose charms first caught his youthful heart?  
Who often heard his tender tale,  
And, blushing, eas'd his wounding smart.

No more with thee he'll spend the Night,  
Where CYNTHIA gleams athwart the grove;  
Nor seize thy hand, in dear delight,  
And tell enchanting tales of love.

Alas! he's bid a long adieu;  
In vain we weep, in vain repine;  
Ne'er shalt thou meet a Swain so true,  
Ne'er shall I find a friend so kind.

How long we've been companions dear,  
How lov'd—nor tongue nor words can tell;  
But, hark!—alas! methinks I hear  
Some solemn, dreary warning knell.

Yes—I will come—thou beck'ning Ghost;  
I hear thy kind, thy awful call:  
One green-grass sod shall wrap our dust,  
And some sweet Muse weep o'er our fall.



THE  
FLY AND LEECH.

A FABLE.

**C**ONTENT's the choicest bliss we can  
E'er reach to in this mortal span,  
'Tis not in grandeur, pow'r or state.  
The Lordly dome, or Cottage neat,  
Still to be found—But chief, she dwells  
In that calm breast that Care repels;  
With dauntless heart braves frowning Fate,  
Nor e'er concludes that Hope's too late;  
Aspires no higher than his sphere,  
Nor harbours Discontentment there.  
Pale Discontent! the baneful sting,  
From whence unnumber'd mis'ries spring,

Ambition gazing to the skies,  
 And ever planning schemes to rise,  
 Till to Pow'rs dizzy peak up whirl'd,  
 Fate shakes the base, and down he's hurl'd ;  
 Heart-wringing Cares, that still torment,  
 All flow from murm'ring Discontent.

Some forward look at coming ills,  
 And die long ere they thwart their wills ;  
 Others, in real mis'ry groan,  
 And think Heav'n frowns on them alone ;  
 While many a one, mean, pining Elves,  
 Raise airy horrors to themselves.

Happy the man, whose views ne'er stretch  
 To things beyond his honest reach ;  
 Who, whether doom'd to Hall or Cot,  
 Ne'er curses Fate, or mourns his lot ;  
 If rich——despises not the poor,  
 Nor drives them harshly from his door ;  
 If low in fortune——ne'er envies  
 The Wealthy's pomp that meets his eyes ;  
 For oft, within their bosom reigns  
 A raving group of nameless pains,  
 That ceaseless torture, growl and fret ;  
 And, when they fall, the ruin's great ;

Sinking, they eye the humble Clown,  
Grasp at a Spade, and spurn a Crown.

One funny evening, calm and fair,  
A FLY that wing'd the fragrant air,  
In wheeling, past a Village-lane,  
By chance popt thro' a broken pane.  
A scene that ne'er had met his sight,  
He now surveys with doubtful flight ;  
Around the room, with airy drone,  
His curious search had circling gone.  
He views its bounds, and yet more bold,  
Pries o'er the walls, damp, moulded, cold ;  
Then, pertly sneering, thus began :  
“ How wretched are th' abodes of Man !  
How rank the smell !——whoe'er comes near it,  
May guess the owner's taste and spirit.”

This said, and roving round, he spies  
An Object, that engag'd his eyes.  
Within a glass a moving Being,  
Sluggish and black ; which Bizzon seeing,  
Perch'd on the bottle——gaz'd with mock,  
And thus the foppish flutterer spoke :



“ And what art thou, poor grov’ling creature !  
 Of such detested hue and feature ;  
 That sunk, amid that putrid fluid,  
 So closely cramm’d——so irksome bowed,  
 Scarce seems to move thro’ scanty water ?  
 An ugly hulk of lifeless matter ;  
 Shame ! thus to loll, while summer hours  
 Invite thee forth, thro’ blooming flow’rs  
 Enrapt to rove ; or, where the field  
 Of blossom’d Beans their fragrance yield ;  
 Or wanton in the noontide beam ;  
 Or skim along the glitt’ring stream  
 With boundless sweep——but thou, lone wretch !  
 Must here remain, till Death shall fetch  
 Thee from this hold, with furious ire,  
 And tread thy carcase in the mire.  
 A life like this what beast could *dree*,  
 ‘Twere death and worse to ought but thee.”

Thus Bizzon spoke, when from her font  
 The LEECH uprear’d her dark-brown front,  
 And thus reply’d, in solemn mood :  
 “ Know, vainest of thy useless brood !  
 Thou hast my scorn—I too might rail,  
 But listen to my humble tale :

Ne'er make, by outward signs, thy guests,  
 Nor think, tho' poor, my peace is less.  
 Compos'd I live, and from my Bow'r  
 Survey the bustling World, secure.  
 Or when some stubborn rank disease  
 Calls for my aid, to give men ease,  
 I glad obey, and suck the ill,  
 In my own breast, to save them still;  
 Who call me blest, while kindly filling,  
 From the clear brook my freshen'd dwelling,  
 And in my lonely mansion here,  
 Nor fatal bird, nor snare I fear,  
 That constant lurk to fix thy doom,  
 Ev'n while thou rambles thro' this Room,  
 As thou may feel yet ere thou leave it,  
 And when 'twill be too late, believe it."

"Poor wretch (quoth Bizzon) mind thy distance,  
 Disgrace of all e'er dragg'd existence!  
 I scorn thy speech and flav'ry both,  
 Mean, ugly lump of bondag'd sloth.  
 Now, what thou art, I plainly spy;  
 Blest be the Pow'r made me a Fly."

He said—and up, exulting, springs,  
 To gain the Fields with sounding wings;

But miss'd his mark, and, ere aware,  
 Dash'd full into a SPIDER's snare.  
 He buzz'd and tugg'd—the Foe alarm'd,  
 Rush'd, gloomy, forth with vengeance arm'd,  
 Fixes his fangs, with furious stride,  
 And darts the poison thro' his side.  
 Poor Bizzon groan'd, with quiv'ring sten,  
 And as Grips dragg'd him to his Den,  
 Thus faintly cry'd, “ Ye FLIES, beware,  
 And shun Ambition's deadly snare.  
 Oh! save my life—I vain beseech:  
 I faint—I die—Oh! happy LEECH!



GROANS FROM THE LOOM.

A S O N G.

IN IMITATION OF COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

**D**EPLORING beside an old Loom,  
A Weaver perplexed was laid,  
And, while a bad Web was his theme,  
The Breast-beam supported his head;  
The Walls, that for ages had stood,  
In sympathy, wept for his pain,  
And the Roof, though of old rotten wood,  
Remurmur'd his groans back again.

“ Alas ! simple fool that I was !  
(These words he roar'd out with a grin)  
When I saw thee, I sure was an Afs,  
Else I'd dy'd ere I handl'd the Pin.

Thou glanc'd, and transported I seem'd;  
 When I held thee, how panted my breast!  
 In raptures I gaz'd while thou beam'd,  
 And exclaim'd, *Was e'er Mortal so blest!*

What a blockhead was I to aver,  
 It wou'd work thro' a Mounting so fine;  
 Or, that such a phantom of hair,  
 Wou'd in a gay Handkerchief shine?  
 Good Gods! shall a Mortal with legs,  
 So low, uncomplaining, be brought!  
 Go, hung, like a Scarecrow in rags,  
 And live o'er a Seat-tree—on nought!

What though I have patience to tie,  
 Till their numbers my Temples o'erspread,  
 Whene'er the smooth tread I apply,  
 My Shopmates deplore how I've sped.  
 Ah! SANDY, thy hopes are in vain;  
 Thy Web and thy Mounting resign;  
 Perhaps they may fall to a Swain,  
 Whose patience is greater than thine.

And you my proud Masters so stern,  
 Who smile o'er the wretch ye torment,  
 Forbear to import us such yarn,  
 Or, by Jove, you'll have cause to repent.

Though through the wide Warehouse ye foam,  
 In vain shall ye threaten or mourn ;  
 'Twas yours to distress my poor dome,  
 Now 'tis mine, and triumphant I'll burn.

If, while the poor trash I pull down,  
 They expect to regain my esteem,  
 Let them come with the Crouds of the Town,  
 And see how it flames from the beam.  
 And then the last boon I'll implore,  
 Is to bless us with China so tight,  
 And when the pure Piece you look o'er,  
 You will own my Petition was right.

Then to LONDON Nymphs let it go,  
 And deck them in dazzling array ;  
 Be fairest at ev'ry fine show,  
 And bring us the heart-cheering Pay.  
 Then Nova's dead bell we will toll,  
 No more to be heard of or seen,  
 Unless, when beside a full Bowl,  
 We laugh at how wretched we've been.



## T H E

## P A C K.

*Hard Fate has this ordain't, that I  
 Maun dauner thro' the warl',  
 The wants o' thousan's to supply,  
 An' heavy lades to harl :  
 Sae aft, whan E'ening brings the Night,  
 In lanely desolation,  
 I seek a corner, out o' sight,  
 To mourn my condemnation.*

**T**HE western Sun, bright to the eye,  
 Was sinking in the flood,  
 Adorn'd with robes of richest dye,  
 Gay crimson streak'd wi' blood ;  
 The swallows twittert through the sky,  
 In jinking, sportive mood,  
 While, prest with care, poor hapless I,  
 Near yonder riv'let flood,  
 Thoughtful that day

My pond'rous PACK upo' the ground,  
I carelessly had flung;  
A wallet green, wi' straps fast bound,  
And near't a hazel rung;  
The vera fight my heart did wound,  
My breast wi' grief was stung;  
Fir'd wi' indignance I turn'd round,  
An' bafht wi' mony a fung  
The Pack, that day.

“ Thou curfed, base, inglorious load!  
(Enrag'd wi' grief I cry'd)  
Shall thou along the weary road  
Borne on my shouthers ride,  
While cruft beneath I groaning nod,  
An' travel far an' wide——  
Hence! frae my sight, or, wi' this clod,  
I'll dash thy hated hide,  
This vera day.

Nay, no excuse——I winna hear,  
I winna tak' a word in;  
What! was these shouthers form'd to bear  
Thee, vile, disgracefu' burden!  
H

My lugs to thole ilk taunt an' jeer,

That pierce me like a sword in,

Crouchin' to ev'ry wretch, to speer,

*Mem! will ye buy a bargain*

*Right cheap, the day?*

It fires, it boils my vera blude,

An' sweats me at ilk pore,

To think how aft I'm putten wud,

Whan drawin' near a door;

Out springs the Mastiff, through the mud,

Wi' fell Cerberian roar,

An' growlin', as he really wou'd

Me instantly devore,

Alive, that day.

“ Ye're come frae Glasco', lad, I true;”

(The pert Gudewife presumes;)

Ye'll be a *Malefactor* too,

Ye'll hae yer horse and grooms;

What de'il brings siccan chaps like you,

To lea' your wabs an' looms?

Wi' Beggars, Packmen, an' sic crew,

Our door it never tooms,

The live-lang day.



Nae doubt ye'll e'en right hungry be,  
I see your belly's clung;  
I hae some parritch here to gi'e,  
As foon's a sang ye've fung.  
Come, lilt it up wi' blithsome glee;  
Ye're supple, smart an' young,  
An' gin ye please our John an' me,  
Ye'fe get the kirnan rung  
To lick, this day."

What flesh an' blude cou'd thole this jaw,  
An' no start in a rage,  
An' kick their heels up ane an' a',  
E'en though he war a Sage?  
Aft hae I dar't them, grit an' sma',  
Gin they durst but engage,  
Their noses in their a—— to thraw,  
An' scrow't as firm's a wedge,  
Right smart, that day.

O thou, who midst the Muses all,  
Plays while they rapt'ring sing,  
Attentive hear thy vot'ry's call,  
An' view his drooping wing.

How mournfu', how forlorn I crawl,  
 Far frae Parnasian spring;  
 Oh! deign to stoop, an' from this thrall  
 Thy once-lov'd Bardie bring,  
 In haste, this day.

I ceas'd—and to my huge amaze,  
 That bordert maist on fear,  
 Upon ae end the WALLET raise,  
 Tho' cram't wi' filken gear;  
 While I, wild glowrt, to see its ways,  
 An' stood a' een an' ear,  
 It solemn shook its verdant claes,  
 Syne in tone hoarse and queer,  
 Thus spoke, that day.

“ Ye proud, provokin', hair-braint afs!  
 Owre lang I've borne your bleth'ring,  
 I've lain a' frythin' on the grafs,  
 To hear yer nonsense gath'ring.  
 Ye've brought me to a bonny pass,  
 Since your rhyme wings war feathering,  
 An' now, set up yer saucy jaws!——  
 Earth! ye deserve a leath'ring,  
 Right snell, this day.

Ha'e ye fae soon forgot the gude  
Whilk I ha'e aften doon you?  
Had ye no ance aneath me flood,  
JOHN swore that he wad poon you.  
Whan ye fell in the snawy flood,  
I truntl't frae aboon you,  
Or trouth ye'd soon been flesh an' blood,  
For Crows to pick, and spoon you  
Wi' their nebs, that day.

Weel may ye mind, yon night fae black,  
Whan fearfu' winds loud gurl'd,  
An' mony a lum dang down—an' stack,  
Heigh i' the air up swirl'd,  
Alangst yon brae, ye clam, an' stack,  
Down whiles like to be whirl'd,  
Had I no flippet aff yer back,  
An' ere I stoppet, hurl'd  
To the fit, that night.

Not to relate how aft, in barns,  
When Night without did bluster,  
On me ye've laid yer crazy harns,  
An' fix't me for a bouster.



There wad ye lie, an' fit by turns,  
 An' rhyme e'en in that posture,  
 Or through the thack survey the starns,  
 Till glimm'rin' Night did foster  
 The new-born day.

For me, indeed (I scorn to wheese)  
 Ye've tholt some bits o' losses;  
 For me ye've waded to the knees,  
 Thro' gutters, bogs an' mosses;  
 For me, adventur'd foamin' seas,  
 An' met wi' mony crosses;  
 For me, ye've tell't ten thousan' lies,  
 An' measurt stairs an' closses,  
 For mony a day.

But than, reflect what blisfu' gluts  
 O' Parritch ye ha'e bury'd  
 Within the caverns o' yer guts,  
 While wi' me ye ha'e tarry'd;  
 What dawds o' cheese, frae out yer clauts,  
 Wi' fury ye ha'e worry'd;  
 How aft lain dozin out yer wits,  
 Disdaining to be hurry'd  
 By ought, that day."

“ Gude guides ! (quo’ I) thou’s get the gree  
O’ Wallets, De’ils, or Witches :  
A speakin’ PACK’s owre learnt for me,  
Or ane that steers an’ fitches.  
Wha kens, but thou may Master be,  
An’ haul me thro’ the ditches,  
Or may-be learn (preserves!) to flee,  
An’ lea’ me in the clutches  
O’ rags, some day.”

“ Ungratefu’ finner ! think how aft  
I’ve fillt yer pouch wi’ *catter*—”  
“ For gudescape whisht ! we’re baith gane daft,  
It’s nonsense a’ this splutter,  
Come to my shouthers, warp an’ waft,  
Nae mair we’ll flyte an’ chatter ;”  
Sae aff I trudg’d alang the craft,  
An’ ended a’ the clatter,  
In peace, that day.

C H A R A C T E R,

D R A W N F R O M L I F E,

A N D A D D R E S S ' D T O I T S O W N E R.

**G**REAT Son of Bacchus! and of droufy Sloth!  
Thou human Maggot, thou insipid Moth!  
Whose whole Ambition is in bed to snore,  
Whose Life is Liquor, and whose Soul's a roar.  
Through thy dark skull ne'er pcept a ray of light;  
'Tis black as Chaos, and eternal Night;  
Confusion's dizzy seat,—the pregnant source,  
Where Nonsense issues with resounding force;  
Where floods on floods, from Morn to Ev'ning pours,  
Wrapt up in Laughs and loud unchristian roars.

When Sunday summons grave religious fools,  
To pore o'er Books, or drink the Pulpit rules,



From vulgar bounds thou bravely dares to tread,  
 And spends thy Sunday gloriously in bed.  
 There thinks, perhaps, or dreams of Sin and Death,  
 This maxim holding as a point of faith,  
 "To Heav'n there's many ways, and 'tis confess,  
 Who finds the smoothest, surely finds the best."

On God, or Temple, no respect thou puts:  
 An Inn's thy Temple, and thy God's thy guts.

A Father's precepts, or a Mother's tears,  
 His plain example, or her meddling fears,  
 Shall thou regard? No, 'twere past utt'rance low,  
 Such fools as Mothers or old Sires to know.  
 When at thy honour they advance their horns,  
 Thou d—ns her nonsense,—all his maxims scorns;  
 Comes home mad drunk, and, O immortal B\*\*\*\*!  
 Kicks up a dust, and knocks thy Mother down!

## THUNDER-STORM.

**H**OT Summer reign'd, and the bright Orb of day  
 High over head roll'd on his cloudless way ;  
 No rains appear'd, to cheer the parched earth,  
 Nor dewy evenings swell'd the oaten birth,  
 Nor cooling breezes, curl'd along the streams,  
 Where Youths repair'd, to shun the scorching beams ;  
 Ten thousand Insects swarm the fultry air,  
 Crowd in each room, and haunt us ev'ry where ;  
 While, mute, the Warblers to the Groves retreat,  
 And seek the Shade, to shun the burning heat.

Two sick'ning Months had thus roll'd joyless by,  
 While heat reign'd tyrant from the vaulted sky,  
 Again the Sun rose in the flaming East,  
 And pour'd his rays o'er Earth and Ocean's breast ;  
 But ere yon high Meridian he had gain'd,  
 Surrounding Clouds his dark'ning visage stain'd.

Clouds pil'd on clouds, in dismal huge array,  
 Swell from the South, and blot the face of day.  
 O'er the bleak sky a threat'ning horror spreads;  
 The Brooks brawl hoarser from their distant beds;  
 The coming storm, the woodland natives view,  
 Stalk to the Caves, or seek the sheltering Yew;  
 There, pensive droop, and eye the streaming rain,  
 While light ning sweeps, and Thunder shakes the  
 plain.

Dire is the fate of the old wand'ring swain,  
 Who sees the storm, and hurries o'er the plain;  
 The plain, far waste, unknown to human tread,  
 The gloom, fast mingling, dismal o'er his head.  
 No cottage near, to shield his hoary age;  
 All earth denies him refuge from its rage.  
 'Tis black around! Swift from the threat'ning skies,  
 A sudden flash darts on his startl'd eyes.  
 Trembling he stops, but how aghast his soul,  
 When bursting, harsh, rebounding thunders roll!  
 The loud'ning roar confounds his tortur'd ear,  
 His distant friends call forth the briny tear;  
 Till (hapless swain!) the fiery bolt of death,  
 Extends him lifeless o'er the with'ring heath.



The low-hung clouds, broke by this mighty sound,  
 Pour down a deluge, o'er the gaping ground :  
 Each slate, each tile, teems with a streaming rill ;  
 Thick falls the clattering torrent—thicker still ;  
 While thro' the wat'ry element, the flash  
 Of vivid light'ning, blazes on the fash ;  
 While follows, flow, the loud tremendous roar,  
 As heav'n itself was in dread fragments tore.

Down hurls the boiling Brook——hush'd is the  
 breeze——

Brooks rise to Rivers——Rivers swell to Seas——  
 Smooth-gliding CART, theme of my infant song,  
 Swell'd, broad and brown, resistless pours along,  
 In winding majesty, where DAMON's dome,  
 Half launch'd, detains big whit'ning hills of foam ;  
 Then raves, loud, thund'ring o'er the ragged rocks,  
 Sweeps, headlong down, tumult'ous planks and  
 blocks,  
 While crowds of Millers, gaze and tear their dusty  
 locks.

Thus foaming CARTHA swells from shore to shore,  
 While distant counties listen to her roar.

Lone, on her banks, the rain-soak'd Fisher strays,  
 Intent and mindless of th' involved rays,

Tho' the bleak heav'ns emit their watr'y store,  
 With rapid force, and lash the foamy shore;  
 Calm, and undaunted, 'mongst his lines he works,  
 And thro' red light'ning eyes the floating corks.

Slow pass'd the day, till dreadful night o'erspread,  
 A dismal darkness o'er each mortal's head;  
 No moon appear'd, no star beam'd to the eye,  
 Up roar'd monarch thro' the affrighted sky;  
 Stern THUNDER, storm'd imperious from his throne,  
 Hail furious flew, and sweepy light'ning shone.

Shrunk to the close recesses of the room,  
 Assembled neighbours sat, in solemn gloom;  
 All eye, to catch the frequent startling flash,  
 All ear, when roar'd the awe-impressing crash;  
 Fear sat on ev'ry brow, and Guilt, distressed,  
 Believ'd each bolt directed to his breast.

Kind is that Pow'r, whose dread commanding voice  
 Lulls the loud tempest's wild discordant noise.  
 With us he bids best blessings long delay,  
 While harsh disasters post in speed away.

Soon as young Morn gain'd on the sulky Night,  
 A beauteous prospect met th' enraptur'd sight:

The pearly dew-drops twinkl'd on the spray,  
 And Larks, ascending, welcom'd in the day;  
 Bright PHOEBUS, ush'ring from his wat'ry bed,  
 Superbly rose, and chear'd the drooping mead;  
 Fleet fled the shades of Night, wak'd from the Grove,  
 Glad chant the Birds, soft coos the hermit Dove;  
 High from the blue expanse his glory pours,  
 Boundless, abroad, and dyes the glitt'ring flow'rs;  
 Lambs dance, and brooks, melodious, murm'ring run;  
 Creation smiles, and hails the glorious Sun.



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E L E G Y

ON THE

LONG EXPECTED DEATH

O F

A WRETCHED MISER.

*Wealth he has none, who mourns his scanty store,  
And, midst of plenty, starves, and thinks he's poor.*

POPE.

**W**I' branchin' Birk yer winnocks hing,  
Whang down the cheefe owre heaps o' bread;  
Roun' wi' the *Blue*, an' roar an' sing,  
For camsheugh aul' F\*\*\*\*\*s is dead

Hech! is he dead? Then ilka chiel  
May now be fear't for Death's fell nips,  
Since he wha fac'd the vera De'il,  
Has fa'n beneath the spectre's grips.

K

Whare will the god o' gowden ore,  
 Light on a Box wi' sic a dog,  
 To guard by night an' day his store,  
 Since JOHN's laid caul' below the fug?

His fearsome blue Kilmarnock cowl,  
 His cloutet hose, an' farkes, and bedding,  
 Wi' weel-swall't focial vermin foul—  
 I saw them a' flung to the midding.

Now, CLOOTIE, loup an' shake yer rump,  
 Nae mair ye'll need at night to watch him,  
 Grim glowrin' by some aul' tree-stump,  
 An' rattlin' airns in vain to catch him.

Nae mair need ye in corp-like shape,  
 Aneath the midnight moon lie streeket;  
 Nor wi' lang clauts, like ony graip,  
 Wauk thro' his bield, an' doors a' steecket.

Whiles, like a Cat, ye'd tread his skelf,  
 An' range amang his plates an' bannocks;  
 Whiles rumlin' owre his box't-up pelf,  
 Or chappin' awfome at his winnocks.

But a' your schemes, an' a' your plots,  
 An' a' the midnights frights ye lent him;  
 An' a' the fear o' tyning Notes,  
 Was naething till a Wife ye sent him.

“ A Wife! a curse! (quo' JOHN, in rage,  
 Soon as his tickling heat abated,)  
 A black, bare w——e, to vex my age!”  
 He said, he girn't, swore, an' regretted.

His dearie, glad o' siccan routh,  
 To mill a note was aye right ready;  
 Aft she wad kiss his toothless mouth,  
 While JOHN keen ca'd her his ain Lady.

When in the bed, (whare a' fouks gree)  
 An' JOHN laid foun' wi' Venus' capers,  
 She raise—lowft frae his breeks the key,  
 Slade up the lid, an' pought the papers,

This pass't a wee, till rous'd he ran,  
 He visited his *cash*,—his *beav'n*;  
 He coudna fee, but trem'lin' fan'  
 A *yearly income* frae him riv'n.



Gude gods! what tortures tare his foul,  
 He groan'd, he spat, he glowrt, he shor'd;  
 Then rais't a most tremend'ous growl,  
 Sunk by the box, and desperate roar'd:

“ My foul—my all—my filler's fled!  
 Fled wi' a base confounded limmer!  
 O grief o' griefs!—alake, my head!  
 My head rins roun', my een grow dimmer.

Oh! had I ta'en but RAB's advice,  
 By clean an' fair my *daft thing* stuing\*:  
 It's torn my heart in mony a flice,  
 An' now, at last, it's been my ruin.

The Jade, since e'er we met, ilk night,  
 Wi' wabsters rows amang the heather,  
 Has born a *get*, an' tho' untight  
 She kens my pith, ca's me its father.

\* This refers to a satirical Epistle sent him by his Son, who hearing of the old Nabal's matrimonial intentions, exclaimed against his folly, recommending him to this effectual method of conquering his wantonness.

My fons, wi' chan'ler chafts gape roun',  
To rive my gear, my filler frae me ;  
While lice an' fleas, an' vermin brown,  
Thrangt in my farks, eternal flae me.

Ye precious remnants ! curst to me ;  
Ye dearest gifts to JOHN e'er giv'n,  
Wi' you I've liv'd, wi' you I'll die,  
Wi' you I'll gang to H-ll or Heav'n."

He spak' ; an' on the vera spot,  
Ramt goud an' notes, wi' trem'lin' hurry,  
In han'fu's down his gorg'd-up throat,  
While blude lap frae his een in fury.

I saw wi' dread, an' ran my lane,  
To clear his throat, and ease his breathing ;  
But ere I reach't, he gied a grane,  
An' lifeless lay along the leathing.

A

## MORNING ADVENTURE.

**T**O hail sweet MORN, and trace the woody shore,  
 Where foaming CALDER pours his rapid stream,  
 His high-hung banks, and tott'ring cliffs t' explore  
 And gloomy Caves, unknown to Sol's fair beam.

Three youthful Swains th' adjoining Village left,  
 Ere from a chimney roll'd the lazy smoke,  
 Ere the lone street of silence was bereft,  
 Or pale-ey'd Morning to the view had broke,

Along a winding path they kept their way,  
 Where trees, embracing, hung a solemn shade ;  
 Pafs'd the old Mill, o'ergrown with shaggy hay,  
 And gain'd the summit of a rising glade.



Now, from the east, the faintly dawning Morn,  
 With op'ning smile, adorn'd the dewy mead;  
 The Blackbird, whistled from the blooming thorn,  
 And early Shepherd, tun'd his rural reed.

Gray mists were hov'ring round the mountain's brow;  
 Thro' the still air murmur'd the riv'let near;  
 The Fields were glitt'ring in the Morning's glow;  
 And sweetest Music thrill'd the ravish'd ear.

Smit with the charms of Song PHILANDER stood,  
 To hear his Art by each small throat outdone;  
 While DAMON view'd the Stream, grim Rocks and  
 Wood,  
 And snatch'd the pencil to make all his own.

Beneath a rev'rend Oak ALEXIS hung,  
 His drooping head half on his hand reclin'd;  
 Borne on the Muse's wing, his soul had sprung,  
 And left the languid, listless form behind.

Where now was Care, that gloomy, glaring Fiend,  
 The Wealthy's horror, and the poor Man's pain,  
 Who bids fierce passions tear the trembling Mind,  
 And wakes his gnawing, his infernal train.

Fled was the Spectre to some Statesman's breast,  
 Some raving Lover, or some Miser's cell;  
 Nought now appear'd, but made them inly blest,  
 And all around conspir'd their joys to swell.

Hail, happy Swains! involv'd in rap'trous thought,  
 Oh! could I leave you thus, and truly say,  
 That here, in peace, fair Nature's charms you fought,  
 And thus, enrapt, you pass'd the Morn away.

But Truth compels, nor dare I hide your fate,  
 My trembling hand She guides to tell your doom,  
 How oft, alas! on Mirth does Mis'ry wait,  
 How oft is sunshine sunk in deepest gloom!

As on the airy steep they silent lay,  
 The murm'ring River foaming far below,  
 Young DAMON's Dog, as round he rang'd for prey,  
 By some stern Bull insulted, seiz'd the Foe.

As when in dead of Night, on the dark Main,  
 Two en'mies meet, and awful silence keep,  
 Sparkles the match! then peals and cries of pain,  
 Arouse the Night, and growl along the Deep.

So burst loud roarings thro' th' affrighted Sky,  
Firm ROGER hung, fix'd by his nostrils deep;  
Loud swell'd the war, till, from the margin high,  
Both whirl'd down headlong o'er th' enormous  
steep.

How look'd our Youths! They heard the thund'ring  
found,  
Dash'd in the Vale they saw the Heroes laid;  
Whole crowds of Rustics rudely gath'ring round,  
Alarm'd they saw, and thro' the bushes fled.



D A Y - B R E A K.

SCENE, THE TOWN.

**N**OW darkness blackens a' the streets;  
The rowan e'e nae object meets,  
Save yon caul' cawsey lamp,  
That has surviv'd the dreary Night,  
An' lanely beams wi' blinkin' light,  
Right defolate an' damp.

Fore-doors an' winnocks still are fleeket,  
An' Cats, wi' silent step, and fleeket,  
Watch whare the Rattons tirl;  
Or met in yards, like squads o' Witches,  
Rive ither's hair out wi' their clutches,  
An' screech wi' eldritch skirl.

Now mony a ane, secure frae harin,  
Lies row't in blankets snug, an' warm,  
Amus'd wi' gowden dreams;  
While ithers scart their sides an' lugs,  
Tormentet wi' infernal Bugs,  
Thick swarmin' frae the seams.

Some funk amid their kimmers' arms,  
Are huggin' matrimonial charms,  
In bliss, an' rapture deep.  
Some turnin', curse the greetin' wight  
For skirling a' the live-lang night,  
An' keepin' them frae sleep.

Some weary Wight perhaps, like me,  
Doom'd, Poverty's distress to dree,  
Misfortune's meagre brither;  
Now dauners out beneath the starns,  
Wi' plans perplexing still his harns,  
To keep his banes thegither.

Now lassies start, their fires to kin'le,  
An' load the chimly wi' a tanle  
O' bleezin' coals an' cin'ers:  
Syne scowr their stoups, an' tankar's clear,  
An' glassees dight wi' canny care,  
To grace the Gentry's dinners.

Wi' clippet feathers, kame an' chirle,  
The Gamester's Cock, frae some aul' burrel,  
Proclaims the Morning near ;  
Ilk chiel now frae his hammock jumps,  
The floor receives their lang bare stumps,  
An' wives an' a's afeer.

Now, reek rows briskly out the lums ;  
Loud thro' the street the Piper bums,  
In Highlan' vigour gay.  
Doors, hatches, winnock-brods are steerin' ;  
An' ev'ry ane, in shor't's, preparin'  
To meet the toils o' Day.



THE  
MONKEY AND BEE.

A F A B L E.

TO A YOUNG AUTHOR.

THE Bard who'd wish to merit bays,  
Should shut his ears when Asses praise,  
And from the real Judge alone,  
Expect a halter or a throne.

A MONKEY who, in leisure hours,  
Was wondrous fond of Herbs and Flow'rs,  
(For once he'd worn a GARD'NER's chain,  
But wander'd to his Woods again),  
Travers'd the Banks—the Mountain's brow,  
The lonely Wilds—the Valley low,  
Collecting, as along he hies,  
Flow'rs of unnumber'd tint and size,

Till hid beneath the lovely spoil,  
 He onward stalk'd with chearful toil,  
 Thus chatting : " Now, I'll shine alone,  
 I'll have a Garden of my own."

A Spot he plans, to shew his parts,  
 Scratches the soil—the blooms inserts.  
 Here stuck a Rose, there plac'd a Pink ;  
 With various flow'rs stuffs ev'ry chink ;  
 Torn branches form his spreading Shrubs,  
 O'ertopt with stately *Shepherds Clubs* \* ;  
 Long ragged stones roll'd on the border,  
 All plac'd sans root, or taste, or order.

Around him throng'd the mimic crew,  
 Amaz'd at the appearance new,  
 Survey'd the Shrubs—the nodding Flow'rs,  
 And, struck with wonder at his pow'rs,  
 Pronounc'd him, with applauding gape,  
 A most expert, ingenious Ape !  
 " Knew Man the genius you inherit,  
 Unbounded fame would crown your merit".  
 He proudly bow'd—approv'd their taste,  
 And for the Town prepares in haste,

\* A species of wild Flowers.

When now, amid the ragged ranks,  
 A BEE appear'd, with searching thanks;  
 From Bloom to Bloom she rov'd alone,  
 With hurrying flight, and solemn drone.  
 PUG saw; and, proud of such a Guest,  
 Exclaim'd, " Say, Friend, did such a feast  
 E'er bless thy search? Here welcome stray;  
 Fresh sweets shall load thee ev'ry day;  
 'Twas I that rear'd them—all is mine;  
 I bore the toil, the bliss be thine."  
 " Conceited Fool! (the BEE reply'd)  
 These pilfer'd, rootless Blooms I've try'd,  
 Nor Bliss, nor Sweets, repaid my pains,  
 Of these as void as thou'rt of Brains."  
 She spoke; the scorching Noontide came,  
 The Garden with'ring, sunk his fame.



E P I S T L E,

T O

A BROTHER PEDLAR.

**T**HOU curious, droll, auld-farran chiel,  
Some rhyme I'fe now ha'e wi' thee,  
May I gang hurlin' to the De'il,  
But I'd be blythe to see thee.  
'Mang a' the chiel's wha bear a pack,  
Thro' kintra, town, or claughan,  
The fint a ane can tell a crack,  
Whilk sets us aye a laughin',  
Like thee, this day.

A snawy winter's now maist owre,  
Since we frae ither parted ;  
Like ony ghaist I than did glowre,  
Wi' sickness broken hearted.

But, by my fang ! now gin we meet,  
We'll ha'e a tramp right clever,  
Since I'm now stively on my feet,  
An' hale an' weel as ever,  
This bleffed day.

Whiles whan I think upo' our tramp,  
It sets me aft a sneering,  
Though 'deed our conscience it shou'd damp,  
Whan we ca' to a clearing,  
How whiles, amang the lasses smocks,  
We rais'd an unco splutter ;  
On Sundays speel't owre awfu' rocks,  
Or ramt auld Grannie's butter,  
I' the plate, yon day.

I'll ne'er forget yon dreadfu' morn,  
That maist had prov'd our ruin,  
Whan ye sat on a sack forlorn,  
Ha'f dead wi' fright and spewin'.  
Waves dashing down wi' blatt'rin' skyle,  
Win's roarin'—Sailors flyting ;  
Poor wretches bockin', rank an' file,  
An' some (God knows) maist sh—ing  
Their breeks, that day.

Though Conscience gab, we try to steek,  
It gi'es ane whiles a tafsle ;  
I'm cheated gin it didna speak,  
Right smartly at Fa's Castle.  
Poor Jute, she'd curse our ilka step,  
When she tauld owre her filler ;  
But, faith ! she got an honest *kepp*,  
Might fer't a decent Miller.

Sax year an' mair.

Lang may thou, aye right snug an' dry,  
Frac Barns be kept aback,  
Whare Tinkler Wives, an' Beggars ly,  
An' rain seeps thro' the thack.  
Aft may some canty kintra wife,  
Whan hunger wrings thy painches,  
Draw through her cheese the muckle knife,  
An' flap thy pouch wi' lunches  
O' fcons, that day.



## E L E G Y

O N A N

## UNFORTUNATE TAYLOR.

*Wha, like true Brethren o' the Thumle,  
 Sav'd aye a remnant as his due;  
 And ne'er was heard to grudge or grum'le,  
 As lang's he fan' his belly fu'.*

**O** SIRS! he's e'en awa' indeed,  
 Nae mair to shape or draw a thread,  
 Or spin a crack, or crump his bread,  
                   An' hotch, an' gible;  
 Or wave the elwan owre his head  
                   To fight the Beagle.

In mornings soon, ere fax o'clock,  
 Whan blankets hap a' sober fouk,  
 Whan fires are out, an' shoon, an' troke  
                   Confuse the floor,  
 Nae mair we'll start to hear his knock,  
                   An' roaring floor.

Whan days war caul, near, bit by bit,  
Close at the glowan ribs he'd fit,  
An' ilka wee the eldin hit,  
An' gab fu' trimly;  
An' aye the tither mouthfu' spit  
Alangst the chimly.

Ye creepin' beasts, that hotch an' wheel  
Through neuks o' breeks, an' ye that speel,  
Swallt, gray and fat, now lift ilk heel  
Wi' gleefu' speed;  
An' up the seams in hun'ers reel,  
Since RABBY's dead.

Affemble a' yer fwarmin' legions,  
Baith jumpin' black an' creeshy sage anes,  
An', rank an' file, parade your cage ance,  
Nor needles dread,  
But loud proclaim through a' yer regions,  
That RABBY's dead.

Nae mair his thum's to death shall post ye;  
Nae mair his needle-points shall toast ye;  
Nor shall his horrid goose e'er roast ye,  
For hear't o' Lice!  
Death's made yer foe as caul' an' frosty,  
As ony ice.

Wi' won'er aft I've seen him worry  
Up cogs o' kail, in hungry hurry;  
Grip up the cheese, in gapin' fury,  
An' hew down slices,  
Syne punds o't in his entrails bury,  
In lumps an' pieces.

Twa pints o' weel-boilt solid fowins,  
Wi' whauks o' gude ait-far'le cowins,  
Synt down wi' whey, or whisky lowins,  
Before he'd want,  
Wad scarce ha'e fer't the wretch to chew ance,  
Or choke a gant.

Yet RABBY aye was dousely dautet;  
For soon as ilka dish was clautet,  
He'd lift his looves an' een, an' fa'to't,  
Owre plates an' banes,  
An' lengthen out a grace weel fautet  
Wi' haly granes.

Aft ha'e I heard him tell o' frights,  
Sad waefu' foun's, and dreary fights,  
He's aften got frae warlock wights,  
An' Spunkie's bleeze,  
Gaun hame thro' muirs, and eerie heights  
O' black fir-trees.



Ae night aul' BESSIE BAIRD him keepet,  
Thrang cloutin' claes till twall was chappet ;  
But soon's he got his kyte weel stappet  
    Wi' something stout ;  
An' *goose* in's nieve, right snugly happet,  
    He daunert out:

Maist hame, he met a lang black chiel,  
Wi' huggers, stilts, an' pocks o' meal,  
Wha drew a durk o' glancin steel  
    To rob an' maul him !  
RAB rais't his brod wi' desp'rate wheel,  
    An' left him sprawlin'.

Tho' aft by fiends, and witches chas't,  
An' mony a dead man's glowrin' ghaist ;  
Yet on his knees he ae time fac't  
    The De'il himsel' ;  
An' sent him aff in dreadfu' haste,  
    Roarin' to H—ll.

But, oh ! ae night prov'd his mishap !  
Curse on the wide-moutht whisky-cap ;  
Beware, beware o' sic fell sap,  
    Ye Taylor chieils !  
For RABBY drank owre deep a drap  
    O' JANET STEEL's.

Mirk was the night—out RABBY doitet,  
Whiles owre big stanes, his shins he knoitet,  
Alangst the Dam the Bodie stoitet,

Wi' staucherin' flounge,  
Till, hale-fale, in the *Lade* he cloitet,  
Wi' dreadfu' plunge.

Loud tho' he roart, nane was asteer,  
His yells, an' fearfu' granes to hear ;  
The current suckt him, near an' near,  
Till, wi' a whirl,  
The big wheel crusht his guts an' gear,  
Like ony Burrel.

Next morning, gin the peep o' day,  
Alang the stanes, caul' dead he lay !  
Crouds ran to hear the fatal fray,  
Wives, weans an' men  
Lamentin', while they saw his clay,  
Poor RABBY's en'.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. A\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*.

*Falkland\*, October —.*

**F**ROM that same spot, where once a Palace stood,  
(Now hanging drear, in tott'ring fragments, rude;  
While thro' the roofless walls, the weather howls,  
The haunt of Pigeons, and of lonely Owls.)  
These lines receive—For, hark! the lashing rain,  
In streaming torrents, pours along the plain:  
Yet, snugly here I sit, with Quiet blest;  
While my poor Pack, sits perching on a chest.

To him whose soul on Fancy's heights ne'er soar'd,  
How painful Solitude! and how abhorr'd!

\* A small Town in Fifeshire, where our Scots Kings used  
sometimes to reside.



Time, tardy steals ; we curse the lazy Sage ;  
And ling'ring moments lengthen to an age.

Not so with him on whom the Muses smile ;  
Each hour they sweeten, and each care beguile ;  
Yet scorn to visit, or ev'n once be kind,  
While bustling bus'ness justles through the mind :  
But, when retir'd from noise, he lonely roves,  
Through flow'ry banks, or solitary groves ;  
Leans on the velvet turf—explores a book,  
Or eyes the bubbling of the ceaseless brook ;  
The Muse descends, and swells his throbbing breast,  
To joys, to raptures ne'er to be express'd.

Curst is the wretch, whom cruel fate removes  
Far from his native, and the few he loves ;  
Who, ever-pensive, ponders on the past,  
And shrinks, and trembles at Misfortune's blast ;  
His is the fate that ev'n Infernals share ;  
Pain, without hope, and Mis'ry, and Despair.

There was a time (no distant date I own)  
When such my fate was, and my ev'ry groan :  
When struggling hard, for base unlasting pelf,  
I stabb'd, I tortur'd, and I rack'd myself.

And what, I pray, did all these sighs avail,  
 For ever hapless, and for ever pale?  
 Inglorious period! Heavens! it fires my soul,  
 When such reflections through my bosom roll;  
 To hang the head with sorrow and remorse,  
 From one poor evil, raising thousands worse.

That Grief involves us in unnumber'd ills,  
 That with our Courage, all our success fails,  
 That Heav'n abhors, and show'rs with fury dread,  
 Tormenting Ills on the Repiner's head,  
 You'll freely own; to list while I relate  
 A short Adventure of a Wretch's fate:  
 A wretch whom Fortune long has held in pain.  
 And, whose each hour some black misfortunes stain.

'Twas when the Fields were swept of Autumn's store,  
 And growing winds the fading foliage tore,  
 Behind the Lowmon hill \*, the short-liv'd light,  
 Descending slowly, usher'd in the night:  
 When from the noisy town, with mournful look,  
 His lonely way, a meagre Pedlar took.  
 Deep were his frequent sighs—careless his pace,  
 And oft the tear stole down his cheerless face;

\* A huge Mountain that rises near Falkland.

Beneath a load of filks, and forrow bent,  
 Nor knew, nor wish'd to know the road he went ;  
 Nor car'd the coming Night, or stormy air,  
 For all his soul was wett'ring in despair.

Dark fell the Night, a grim, increasing gloom ;  
 Dark as the horrors of his fancied doom :  
 And nought was seen, and nought was heard around,  
 But light'ning's gleams, and thunder's roar profound ;  
 Swell'd by the wind that howl'd along the plain,  
 Fierce rattling hail, and unrelenting rain,  
 While from dark thickets issu'd, as he past,  
 Wild groans of branches bending from the blast.  
 Deep sunk his steps, beneath the pressing load,  
 As down the rough declivity he trod,  
 And gain'd the unknown vale ; there, all distress,  
 Prone on the road, himself he curling cast.  
 And while the north, in ceaseless rigour blew,  
 And light'ning, mingling with the tempest flew,  
 Amid the dismal gloom, he raging spurn'd  
 His weary load, and thus his mis'ry mourn'd.  
 " O mighty heavens ! and I'm I forc'd to bear  
 The scourge of fate, eternally severe ?  
 On me alone shall all thy fury roar ?  
 Shall this determin'd vengeance ne'er be o'er ?



Wretch that I am ! while ev'ry village Hind,  
 Sits, in soft peace or downy sleep reclin'd,  
 Here, *hopeless* here, in grim despair I lie,  
 Lash'd by the fierce, the growling midnight sky ;  
 Far from the reach of any human aid,  
 Here, sunk in clay, my shivering limbs are laid ;  
 And *here* my Cares for ever will I close ;  
 This night shall finish my long train of woes,  
 And some lone Trav'ler, struck with dread remorse,  
 Start at the sight of my pale stiffen'd Cor'se."  
 So said, he stretch'd him in the plashy clay,  
 Clos'd his fix'd eyes, and bade adieu to day.

"And dy'd he?" No! Fate curs'd him still with *breath*,  
 And ev'n withheld that gloomy blessing, Death.  
 He groan'd—and thrice, in agonizing strife,  
 Unlock'd his eyes, but found he still had Life.  
 Mean-time along the road, in swift approach,  
 Sudden advanc'd a furious rattling coach ;  
 The neighing steeds, before the lashing whip,  
 Loud clattering, flew adown the rapid steep.  
 Our Hero heard, and starting all aghast,  
 Aside himself, and trailing Budget cast,  
 While harsh, the huge Machine shot loud rethun-  
 dering past.

Then raising up his load, in fullen state,  
 Resolv'd no more to curse resisting Fate ;  
 A distant light appear'd from some lone Cot,  
 And thither joy'd, his way he plodding sought ;  
 Was kindly welcom'd to their homely fare ;  
 Hung o'er the hearth, and talk'd away his care.

From this, my friend, one maxim you may glean,  
 Ne'er of misfortunes grudgingly complain ;  
 Boldly to struggle, shows a courage bright,  
 For none but cowards sink beneath the weight,  
 And those who gain Fame, Fortune, or the Fair,  
 Rise o'er Despondence, and contemn Despair.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. J\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\*.

*Edinburgh* —.

**W**HILE rains are blattrin' frae the south,  
An' down the lozens seepin',  
An' Hens, in mony a caul' clofs-mouth,  
Wi hingin, tails are dreepin',  
The Muse an' me,  
Wi frien'ly glee,  
Hae laid our heads thegither,  
Some rhyme to pen,  
Syne bauldly fen'  
To you the jinglin, blether.

Auld Reekie, for this month an' mair,  
Has held me in her bosom ;



Her streets a' streamin' like a fair,  
Wi' mony a beauteous blossom ;  
    Their bosoms whilk,  
    Seen through the silk,  
Heav'd up fae blest uneven,  
    Maist gars me swear,  
    To tempt us here  
Jove drapt them down frae heav'n.

Here, strutting wi' their glitt'rin' boots,  
An' flutterin' a' wi' ruffles,  
The Coxcomb keen, to rax his koots,  
Along the plainstanes shuffles :  
    Wi' sweet perfumes,  
    Like apple blooms,  
He fills the air aroun' ;  
    His hale employ,  
    How to enjoy  
The pleasures of the town.

Fair as the gay enrapt'ring Nine,  
That tread the fam'd Parnassus,  
And rang'd in mony a glorious line,  
Appear the bouncin' lasses ;  
    Whase shape, adzooks !  
    An' killing looks,

An' claes, like e'ening cluds,  
Wad Hermits fire  
Wi' fond desire,  
To leave their caves an' woods.

Here mony a wight, frae mony a place,  
At mony an occupation,  
Exhibits mony a groosome face,  
In hurrying consternation ;  
Some shakin' bells,  
Some hammerin' stells,  
Some coblin' shoon in cloysters ;  
Here coaches whirlin',  
There fish-wives skirlin',  
“ Whay'l buy my cauler oyfters ? ”

But, see ! yon dismal form that louts,  
Black crawlin' owre a midding,  
Thrang scartin' ciners up, an' clouts,  
That i'the awse lie hidden ;  
While round her lugs,  
Poor starvin' dogs,  
Glowre fierce, wi' hungry gurle ;  
She wi' a clash  
O' dirt, or awse,  
Begins a horrid quarrel.

Sic creatures dauner, auld an' clung,

Whan morning rises gawfey ;

An' mony a hutch o' human dung

Lies skinklin' owre the cawfey :

Out-through't wat fhod,

I've aften trod,

Wi' heart maist like to scunner,

Oblidg't to rin,

Least, like a *lin*,

Some tubfu' down might thun'er.

O fhocking theme ! but, Sir, to you

I leave the moralizing,

Ye hae the pictures in your view

Mair orthodox than pleasing.

Farewell a wee ;

Lang may ye be

Wi' fortune blest in season,

Within your arms

To clasp the charms

That kings wad joy to gaze on.



## I N V O C A T I O N.

**B**RIGHT Phoebus had left his meridian height,  
 And downwards was stealing serene,  
 The Meadows breath'd odour, and slowly the night  
 Was fadd'ning the midsummer scene ;

When down from his Garret, where many a long day  
 Hard poverty held the poor sinner,  
 A pale, tatter'd Poet, pursu'd his lone way,  
 To lose thought of Care—and of dinner.

The Lark high in air warbl'd out her sweet notes,  
 The Cuckoo was heard from the hill ;  
 Each thicket re-echo'd with musical throats,  
 And gay glanc'd the murmuring rill.

Enrapt with the prospect, the Bard gaz'd around,  
 Where Flora her treasures had wasted,  
 Thrice smote his full breast—rais'd his eyes from the  
 ground,  
 And thus great Apollo requested ;

“ O thou, who o’er heaven’s empyrean height,  
Swift whirls on the chariot of Day;  
Thou Father of music, thou fountain of light,  
Propitiouſly hear while I pray.

Let no ſurly clouds, I beſeech thee, let none  
The mild, lucid hemisphere riſe in,  
Till down to the verge of old Ocean thou’rt gone,  
And Thetis receives thee rejoicing.

With bright’ning Ideas my fancy inſpire,  
To wing the Parnaffian Mountain;  
Ye thrice ſacred Nine, your kind aid I require,  
To taſte of the raviſhing fountain.

Breathe ſofter, kind Zephyrs, oh! pity my clothes  
Nor rave ſo”—thus far flow’d his ſong,  
For low’ring and diſmal, the horizon roſe,  
And clouds roll’d tumultuous along.

The birds, all affrighted, ſhrunk mute from the ſpray,  
Hoarſe murm’rings were heard from the river;  
A black, horrid gloom overſpread the ſad day,  
And made our poor Poet to ſhiver.

Swift full in his face the dread flaming ball flaſh’d,  
Down ruſh’d a fierce torrent of rain;

And loud o'er his head grumbling thunder-bolts crash'd,  
Re-bellowing from earth back amain ;

Beneath an old hedging, for shelter he crawl'd,  
And clung by a shooting of birch ;  
Crash went the weak branch, and the wretch, while  
he bawl'd,  
At once tumbled squash in the ditch.

Half-drown'd with the deluge, and frozen with fear,  
Apollo's mad vot'ry thus sputter'd ;  
“ Thou deaf, faucy scoundrel ! why did'st thou not  
hear  
The kind Invocation I utter'd ?

And you, ye curs'd Nine ! I detest your each form,  
Rank cheats ye're I know, nor shall hide it ;  
For those who won't shield a bare Bard from the storm,  
Can ne'er lend him wings to avoid it.”

So said—to the village he scamper'd along,  
Poor wretch, with a petrified conscience ;  
His prayers unanswer'd—his appetite strong,  
And all his attempts gone to nonsense.



TO THE  
FAMISHING BARD,

FROM  
A BROTHER SKELETON.

*Is there no Patron to protect the Muse,  
And hedge for her Parnassus' barren soil?*

THOMSON.

**A** LOFT to high Parnassus' hill,  
I heard thy pray'r ascending swift;  
And are the Nine propitious still  
To grant thy wish, and send the Gift?  
Has kind Apollo made a shift,  
To roll down from his kitchen high  
A firloin huge—a smoking lift,  
To feed thy keen devouring eye?

If so, O much respected Swain !

Thou'rt surely Phœbus, fav'rite Bard ;  
 Thy glitt'ring blade in fatness stain,  
 No more complain thy lot is hard,  
 And while the juice besmears thy beard,  
 And plumps thy meagre corse again,  
 Think what's their case who ne'er have shar'd  
 Such bliss, but pray and yawn in vain.

Yet, if regardless of thy strains,

The Strumpets scorn to lend an ear—  
 Bestow upon thy *caput* brains,  
 But stern refuse thy *belly* chear ;  
 If through thy hollow trunk thou hear,  
 Oft as the steam of Dinner soars,  
 Remurm'ring sounds of croaking fear,  
 And melancholy quer'lous roars.

If oft on chearless Winter's morn,

Thou spends, with thought, the shiv'ring hour,  
 In solitary state forlorn ;

Like Cruickston, or the Stanley Tow'r,  
 While, from thy half-clad sides, the show'r  
 Of lashing rain, or hail rebound,  
 And free thy issuing toes explore  
 Each miry creek, and kiss the ground—

If ills like these, for these are mine,  
Attend thee like thy shadow close,  
Know, E—n, that the nymphs divine,  
From whom our song continual flows,  
We call them blushing as the Rose,  
Endearing sweet, enrapt'ring fair ;  
They scorn, for nought, to take the dose,  
So pay us back in Sterling air.

If thou must eat, ferocious Bard !  
Elsewhere importune for a dinner ;  
Long thou may pray here, nor be heard,  
And praying make thee but the thinner.  
Do like the lank, lean, ghostly finner,  
That here presumes to give advice,  
Ne'er court the Muse for meat—to win her,  
E'en starve, and glory in the price.

Apollo knows that three long weeks,  
And pale the prospect yet appears,  
On crusts of hard brown bread and leeks,  
I've liv'd, and may for rolling years ;  
Yet still the muse most kindly cheers  
Each craving day, and yawning night,  
Soft whisp'ring ever in my ears,  
“ Be Fame thy belly's chief delight.”



Through future ages, then thy name,  
 Th' immortal Goddess shall preserve ;  
 Be this thy dear, thy envy'd claim,  
 For this extend thy ev'ry nerve ;  
 And should that World thou strains to serve,  
 A ling'ring carcase food refuse,  
 Contemn their baseness, boldly starve,  
 And die a martyr for the Muse.

More consolation I might pour,  
 But, hark ! the tempest, how it blows !  
 Th' inconstant blast, with thund'ring roar  
 O'er chimney tops more furious grows.  
 The wintry drop, prone from my nose,  
 Hangs glist'ring in the candle's beam,  
 And Want and Sleep's uniting throes,  
 Here force me to forsake my theme.

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E P I S T L E

TO MR. T\*\*\*\*\* W\*\*\*\*\*.

**F**ROM Fife's rugged shore, where old Ocean loud  
bellows,

And lofty Weyms' Castle \* looks down o'er the  
main,

From midst an old hut, of some poor fisher fellows,

Accept of these lines from the Pedlar again.

For never again shall he chant through the bushes,

That wave over Calder or Cartha's pure stream,

Despair and Distraction have murder'd his wishes,

And all his fond hopes are dispers'd to a dream.

In vain, o'er old Scotia, a stranger he travels,

The huge smoky City or Hamlet's the same;

Here Ignorance dozes, or proud Grandeur revels,

And Poets may starve, and be d—n'd, now for them.

\* The beautiful seat of William Weyms, Esq; Member of Parliament for the County of Fife.

So, dear Tom, farewell ! and each chearful companion,  
 With sorrow, I bid you a long sad adieu ;  
 Some far distant country, for life, I'll remain on,  
 Where mem'ry will weep while she hovers o'er you.

So kind you have been to the fortuneless Poet,  
 Through all the harsh stages of life he's been in ;  
 That Gratitude throbs in his bosom to show it,  
 Yet where shall the Muse, to relate them, begin.  
 When gloomy-brow'd Want, to attack my poor dwelling,

With fury advanced, and merciless glare,  
 Your goodness dispatched the Fiend loudly yelling,  
 And snatch'd me to Peace from the jaws of Despair?

When Fortune propitiously seem'd to assist me,  
 You leapt at the prospect, and shar'd in my bliss ;  
 When all these vanish'd, and horror distress'd me,  
 You lull'd every passion, and sooth'd me to peace.  
 And shall I forget you ? No, rave on, thou tempest !  
 Misfortune ! here pour all thy rage on my head ;  
 Though foaming with fury, around thou encampest,  
 'Tis friendship alone that shall force me to bleed.

Though joy from thy talk I will ne'er again borrow,  
 Though fond, on thy face, I shall never gaze more ;



Yet Heaven, one day, will relieve us from sorrow,  
And join us again on a happier shore.  
Then, farewell, my friend, and my dearest companion,  
With tears I now bid you a final adieu ;  
Some far distant country, for life, I'll remain on,  
Where Mem'ry shall weep while she hovers o'er you.

H A P P I N E S S,

A N

O D E.

AH! dark and dreary low'rs the night  
The rocking blasts—the flashing light,  
Unusual horrors form!  
Unhappy he, who nightly braves  
The fury of surrounding waves  
Amid this dreadful storm.

And yet, though far remote from shore,  
Though loud the threat'ning tempest roar,  
And heave the yawning deep,  
Hope cheers each breast, that future winds,  
Shall waft them peaceful to their friends,  
To comfort those that weep.

Not so with me ! distress, forlorn,  
Still doom'd to weep; from night to morn,  
My life a chain of woes.  
The Past, regret—the Present, care ;  
The Future, black with grim Despair,  
Till earth shall o'er me close.

How happy they, who blest with health,  
And all the gen'rous joys that wealth,  
Unstain'd with sadness, give ;  
Enjoy the bliss that hourly flows,  
Nor hear *their* hapless groans and woes,  
Who struggle hard *to live* !

O thou kind Pow'r ! who hears my strain,  
To whom I silently complain,  
And lift my eyes in grief,  
'Tis thine to bid the tempest roll,  
'Tis thine to sooth the struggling soul,  
And bring the wretch relief.

Thus sung Alexis, lost to mirth,  
While o'er the lonely joyless hearth  
His mournful visage hung.  
A silence reign'd—when, soft, and meek,  
He, list'ning, heard these accents break  
From an immortal tongue.



“ Why droops thy head, unhappy youth?  
 Be calm, and hear the words of TRUTH,  
 Nor righteous Heav’n accuse.  
 To man impartial gifts are giv’n,  
 Themselves alone make them unev’n,  
 By what their pride abuse.

Thou strain’st at wealth—ah! blind to fate,  
 Thou see’st not what distresses wait  
 On him who claims the prize;  
 A *snake* it cankers in his breast,  
 Distorts his looks—devours his rest,  
 And lures him from the skies.

On Wealth proportion’d cares attend,  
 Who much commands, hath much to spend,  
 Or are his treasures great?  
 Intemp’rance o’er them raves aloud,  
 They vanish, like a morning cloud,  
 And leave their lord to fate.

What though, by Poverty deprest,  
 Thou seek a friend to soothe thy breast,  
 But seeks, alas! in vain:  
 This bane becomes a bliss at last,  
 For Wisdom, from the mis’ries *past*,  
 Corrects the *present* pain.

*Look cloſer*, mark each ſeeming ill  
That now with fear thy boſom fill,  
And weigh each envy'd joy :  
Health is a *cheat*, but ſickneſs lights,  
Through hopes and fears, to glorious heights,  
Where Saints their ſongs employ.

Health, roſy as the crimſon dawn,  
Firm treads along the dewy lawn,  
O'er-wrapt with flow'ry joy :  
No ills ſhake his Herculean breaſt,  
No deep-fetch'd groans of Pain diſtreſt  
His pleaſures e'er annoy.

While thus deſpiſing other's woe  
He courts each faithleſs ſhade below,  
And laughs at threaten'd hell !  
Pale Sickneſs lifts her languid eye  
From earth, and fixes in the ſky,  
Where all her comforts dwell.

But view health gone, the wretch low laid,  
By ſtern Diſeaſe, paſt human aid,  
Rack'd on the hopeleſs couch :  
His heaving breaſt, with anguiſh tore,  
His eyes deep funk—his bloom no more,  
And Death in dread approach.

Where now the boasted joys of earth ?  
Will these his riches, rank or birth,  
Calm the despairing soul ?  
Ah, no ! behold, he groans, he cries :  
Tears choke his mingled moans and sighs ;  
And terrors round him roll.

Then, favour'd youth, be thine the task,  
For real Happiness to ask,  
From Nature's bounteous God ;  
Nor think, on earth to grasp the prize,  
She dwells aloft, beyond the skies,  
RELIGION IS THE ROAD."

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## D E A T H.

A

## P O E M.

THY gloomy walks, O Death ! replete with fears,  
 With 'scutcheons hung, and wet with Widow  
 tears,

The groans of Anguish, and of deep remorse,  
 The gloomy Coffin, and extended Corse,  
 Be now my theme—Hence, all ye idle dreams,  
 Of flow'ry Meadows, and meand'ring streams,  
 Or War's arousing roar—since none are brave,  
 Save those bold few, who triumph o'er the Grave.  
 O thou, first Being ! Thou, almighty Pow'r !  
 Who metes out Life, a *cent'ry*, or an *hour* ;  
 At whose dread nod the Spectre wields his dart,  
 Uprears his arm, and stabs the quiv'ring heart,

Q

Assist my feeble pen, (since I and all  
Must soon before that grisly Monarch fall)  
To mark his frowns, but learn alone to dread  
That awful stroke that tends to death indeed.

When God descended first to form our earth,  
And gave each plant, and ev'ry creature birth,  
When trees arose, at his supreme command,  
In order rang'd, or scatter'd o'er the land ;  
Then the clear brook, in murm'ring measure, flow'd,  
The Zephyr whisper'd, and the cattle low'd ;  
The voice of Music warbl'd through each grove,  
From morn to morn, and ev'ry song was love.  
The Lamb and Tiger wanton'd o'er the green,  
The Stag and Lion join'd the mirthful scene ;  
The Eagle thirsted not for streams of gore,  
And the swift Hawk had ne'er the Warbler tore ;  
The meanest insect, starting from the ground,  
At pleasure sallied to its mazy round,  
Return'd, at night, to its abode, a flow'r,  
Nor felt, nor fear'd, a mightier creature's power :  
For all was peace, and harmony, and love,  
Through the deep ocean, and the tuneful grove.  
Such was the world, ere Man, its sovereign lord,  
Or beauteous Woman Paradise explor'd :

Ah! hapless pair! too soon they broke the bounds,  
 They sinn'd—they fell—and felt sin's deadly wounds.  
 Then rush'd to being Death, and frowning dread  
 Stalk'd o'er the world, and heapt his way with dead.  
 The herbage wither'd, in the sun and shade;  
 Trees shook their leaves, and drooping flow'rs decay'd;  
 Each creature felt his power; and, while they pin'd,  
 Groan'd out their last, to the loud howling wind.  
 Yet still a following race did those succeed,  
 And hoar Time glutted Death with piles of dead.  
 Thus, for five thousand years, the world has roll'd,  
 Rocks now are mould'ring, ev'n the heav'ns grow old,  
 And soon that day shall come, when Time shall cease,  
 And usher in, eternal pain or peace.  
 Yet how important is that awful day,  
 That lays us breathless, pale, extended clay,  
 When from our lips the ruddy glow shall fade,  
 When the pulse ceases to emit its tide;  
 When, sadly, pond'ring o'er our lifeless corse,  
 Our weeping friends regret Death's cruel force;  
 Then mounts the soul to God, and there receives  
 Its fixed doom, and shouts for joy, or grieves  
 Through all eternity; prolongs the strain  
 Of boundless joy—or yells in endless pain.

Death sometimes sends his cruel page, Disease,  
 To rob our nights of rest, our days of ease:



Unwelcome guest ! and yet he proves no foe,  
 He weans our passions from the trash below ;  
 Each pang of anguish urges to prepare,  
 Ere death approach, with stern relentless glare ;  
 And, if unready, we are caught by Death,  
 He throws us, howling to the gulph beneath.

With sudden steps sometimes the foe appears,  
 And calls to judgment in our shudd'ring ears.  
 We start alarm'd—survey our guilty *past* ;  
 Bend down to pray, and, bending, breathe our last.  
 Then fix'd is fate, for as we fall, we lie ;  
 We live in Death, or sinking, doubly die.  
 Should these sad scenes not rouse us to concern,  
 Our state to weigh, and danger to discern,  
 Ere that dread period, when we leave this shore,  
 And time, and means are given us here no more.

Death's stare may startle ev'n the purest Saint;  
 And, at the change, his soul perhaps may faint ;  
 But in that hour, these cheering words he hears  
 And this sweet promise flows upon his ears,  
 " I am thy friend, on *me* thy burden lay,  
 And through death's vale I'll gently pave thy way."  
 Thrice welcome words! rejoic'd he spurns this earth,  
 Where nought but sorrow reigns, and foolish mirth ;

To life Saints usher, when on earth they die,  
And when they leave us, join the song on high.

On Cartha's banks, beside a sloping dale,  
That gently open'd to the western gale,  
In homely Cot, of neat, inviting form,  
Nigh where old Cruickston\* braves the howling storm,  
Horatio liv'd—the gen'rous and the kind,  
The villain's terror, but the poor man's friend;  
Each neighbour's joy he shar'd, and adverse growl,  
For heav'n-born pity dwelt within his soul:  
Well knew the poor his house; for from his door  
None e'er return'd, but blest his bounteous store;  
Their sad complaints he heard—sigh'd when they  
griev'd;  
And scarce he heard them, till his hand reliev'd;  
Belov'd by all he liv'd, sedate, though gay;  
Pray'r clos'd his night, and usher'd in his day.

But nought exempts from death: pale he was laid,  
His heaving breast by weeping friends survey'd,  
Beside his couch I sat—he, sighing, took  
My hand in his, then spoke with dying look,  
His trembling hand, methinks I feel and spy,  
The drops that started in his swimming eye:

\* An old fortification near Paisley.

“ Farewell, my friend ! for now the time is come,  
 That solemn points me to my silent tomb.  
 Oh ! were my life to spend, each breath I'd prize,  
 For sins on sins now start before my eyes.  
 Yet, He who is my hope—*his* cheering voice,  
 Soft calls me hence, to share eternal joys—  
 Oh ! seek his gen'rous aid”—Here fail'd his breath,  
 He sigh'd, and slumber'd in the arms of death.  
 Such was his end, and such the bliss of those  
 Who taste the stream that from Immanuel flows.  
 This cheers the gloomy path, and opes the Gate  
 Where endless joys their glorious entrance wait,  
 Through boundless heav'ns, amid his beams to rove,  
 There swell the song of his redeeming love.  
 What though misfortunes, in this life abound ;  
 Though ills on ills, and wants on wants surround ;  
 Though all we hold most dear on earth, are torn,  
 Harsh, from our grasp, and to a distance borne ;  
 Tho' friends forget us, tho' our en'mies growl,  
 And earth and hell affright the trembling soul :  
 Lift up your heads, ye poor ! the time draws nigh  
 When all these mis'ries shall at distance fly ;  
 When songs of praise shall be your blest employ,  
 Your highest glory, your eternal joy ;  
 Triumphant treading an immortal shore,  
 Where sin, and sorrow, shall assault no more.



TO MR. — —

WITH A SATIRICAL POEM.

**W**HEN curst Oppression rears his brazen crest,  
 With-holds one half, and strains to seize the  
 rest;

When those in pow'r, disdaining shame or dread,  
 Half-starve those wretches they pretend to feed;  
 Then should the Muse, with honest zeal inspir'd,  
 With hate of guilt and vile injustice fir'd,  
 Disclose their crimes, and to the world display  
 The gloomy catalogue in deep array;  
 Till Vice confounded, hides her haggard head,  
 And lovely Virtue rises in her stead.

Receive th' enclos'd, nor blame the daring strains,  
 Since Truth confirms each period it contains;  
 And poor Experience, from the list'ning throng,  
 Sad shakes her head, and owns the honest song.

Hard is *their* fate who must on *knaves* depend ;  
 From whose base grip no laws can e'er defend :  
 Plead we for justice, then their friendship's o'er,  
 And, as we're *honest*, we're employ'd no more.  
 Ah ! were we blest now, with a noble *few*,  
 As just, kind, gen'rous, and humane as you,  
 Our trade might then maintain its former blaze,  
 And Envy's self be dumb, or whisper praise.

Sweet is the joy, the bliss that toils afford,  
 When love unites the servant and his lord ;  
 One common interest then the task appears,  
 And smiles, and looks, the longest labour cheers.

*Cheats* may deceive, and growling *Tyrants* swear,  
*Those* claim our scorn, and *these* provoke our fear ;  
 But they who rise superior to such arts,  
 Possess, like you, our Friendship, and our Hearts.

## APOLLO AND THE PEDLAR.

## A T A L E.

**D**ARK hangs the droufy murm'ring moonless  
night ;

Clouds wrap each twinkler from the usefess fight ;  
Hous'd is each fwain, worn with the day's long toil,  
Wielding the flail, or turning o'er the foil ;  
Lone now the fields, the banks, the meadows all,  
Save where frogs croak, or noisome lizards crawl.

Seen from the hill, Edina's turrets glow  
With beaming lamps, in many a glittering row,  
That glad the sight, while slow approaching near,  
Mixt sounds and voices crowd upon the ear ;  
Hoarse Pye-men bawl, and shake the ceaseless bell,  
Boys sport, dogs bark, and oyfter wenches yell.

R



See! yon black form, plac'd at the well-worn porch,  
 One arm sustains a tarry flaming torch;  
 With echoing voice, and grim, distorted looks,  
 He hoarsely roars, "An auction here of books."  
 The trotting chairman, and the thund'ring coach,  
 The blazing windows, and fly wh—'s approach,  
 The jostling passengers, that swarm each lane,  
 Form to a stranger a surprising scene.  
 'Twas at this time, with keen tooth'd hunger pin'd,  
 Plain Ralph, the Pedlar, wander'd in a wynd.  
 This Ralph ('tis storied) bore a curious pack,  
 With trinkets fill'd, and had a ready knack  
 At coining rhyme; o'er all the eastern plain  
 Well was he known to ev'ry village swain.  
 Where'er he lodg'd, on mountain, moor, or dale,  
 The cottage fill'd to hear his wondrous tale.  
 Oft, at the barn, they'd list, and hear poor Ralph,  
 In uncouth phrases, talking to himself;  
 Or mark him wand'ring lone, 'twixt late and soon,  
 With mutt'ring voice, wild gazing to the moon,  
 Drawn by the sight of certain skinny food,  
 He fally'd down and often gazing stood.  
 And such blest visions here he did descry,  
 That Want sat gnawing in his restless eye.  
 Here *tripe* lay smoking on the loaded board,  
 Pill'd high and thick, a most delicious hoard;

The fragrant steam, in wavy columns rose,  
 And fed incessant his enraptur'd nose.  
 No longer fit to bear the glorious fight,  
 He buys, then scampers, with exulting flight,  
 Resolv'd that night to soar his rank above,  
 Gape o'er his spoil, and feast with nectar'd Jove.

Here let us leave him, while with soaring flight,  
 We gain Olympus and the plains of light :  
 There, for his sons, see great Apollo's care,  
 How low their station, or how poor foe'er,  
 Alike to him's the Pedlar and the Peer.

High on a throne of burnish'd gold, in state,  
 And awful pomp, the mighty Thund'rer sat.  
 His flowing robe, in dazzling glory shone,  
 Inferior gods hung hov'ring round his throne ;  
 With rapt'rous songs the heav'ns resounding rung,  
 Sweet Echo warbling, while the Seraphs sung.  
 When, lo ! approaching with green laurel'd brows,  
 Before the throne, divine Apollo bows,  
 An anxious look his glorious face opprest'd,  
 While, bending low, he thus the God address'd :  
 " Almighty Potentate ! all conquering Jove !  
 Who form'd these heav'ns that boundless spread above,

Yon distant earth, and all these worlds that roll  
 In circling dance, whose nod sustains the whole,  
 Whose pow'rful arm swift hurls the tempest forth,  
 Whose frown strikes terror thro' th' astonish'd earth,  
 Bids yon vast sea, in swelling mountains, rise,  
 And uproar horrid, foaming to the skies,  
 Then smiles, and smooth the glassy surface lies.

“ Oft hast thou lent me a propitious ear,  
 And made my sons thy most peculiar care.  
 By thee inspir'd, they soar beyond the sun,  
 And sing the wonders that thy arm hath done.  
 Now stoop, in pity, to the dang'rous state  
 Of one poor bard, born to a hapless fate.  
 Thou knows his danger : see ! how swift he flies,  
 Nor know'st the snare that for his ruin lies.  
 Soon will he reach his home ; and, sad to tell,  
 Glut the vile tripe, and revel o'er the smell :  
 But still there's time, still we may him retard,  
 Here stand I ready to obey thy word.”  
 Jove gave consent ; when down the empyrean height,  
 The cheerful god directs his rapid flight ;  
 Swift pass'd the stars, heav'ns regions he forsook,  
 Light flew behind, and darkness he o'ertook.  
 The num'rous lamps Edina's streets that line,  
 He first espies in sparkling squadrons shine.



A moment, dubious, o'er the scene he stops,  
 Then swift, unseen, in B——'s closs he drops,  
 Assumes a Porter's shape, conceals his wings,  
 And through the closs, in hurrying fury, springs;  
 Down hurls poor Ralph, crash went the shiver'd bowl,  
 And greasy streams, along the pavement roll.  
 As when some Tyger, to his haunt from day,  
 Returns, blood-foaming, with the slaughter'd prey,  
 Grim pleas'd that there, with undisturbed roar,  
 He'll glut and revel o'er the reeking gore,  
 Glares in wild fury o'er the gloomy waste,  
 Now growls terrific o'er its mangled breast;  
 Now drags, relentless, down the rugged vale,  
 And stains the forest with a bloody trail,  
 When, lo! a champion of the savage race,  
 The shaggy Lion, rushes to the place,  
 With roar tremendous seizes on the prey,  
 Exasp'rate see! the Tyger springs away,  
 Stops short, and maddens at the Monarch's growl,  
 And through his eyes darts all his furious soul,  
 Half-will'd, yet half-afraid to dare a bound,  
 He eyes his loss, and roars and tears the ground.  
 So look'd stern Ralphus o'er the flowing coast,  
 To see his hopes, his tripe and labour lost.  
 In rage he kick'd the fragments, when, behold!  
 Forth from the tripe a monstrous worm unroll'd

Its lazy length, then snarling wild its crest,  
In accents shrill the shudd'ring youth address.

" I am Disease ; curs'd be the unknown *he*  
Who mark'd my purpose of destroying thee.

Had it succeeded, hear this, trembling hear,  
Next morn had seen thee floating on a bier."

It spoke, and grinn'd, when Ralph, with vengeful  
speed,

A rock's huge fragment dash'd down on its head.

Deep groan'd the wretch in death, Ralph trembling  
stole

One backward glance, then fled th' accursed bowl.

E V E N I N G.

A N

O D E.

**N**OW day departing in the west,  
With gaudy splendor lures the eye;  
The sun, declining, sinks to rest,  
And Ev'ning overshades the sky.

And is the green extended lawn,  
The waving grove—the flow'ry mead,  
The charms of hill and dale withdrawn,  
And all their blooming beauties hid?

They are—but lift aloft thine eye,  
Where all these sparkling glories roll;  
Those mighty wonders of the sky,  
That glad and elevate the soul.



Day's undisguis'd effulgent blaze  
Adorns the Mead, or Mountain blue;  
But Night, amid her train, displays  
Whole worlds revolving to the view.

Lone Contemplation, musing deep,  
This vast stupendous vault explores;  
These rolling Orbs—the roads they keep,  
And Night's great Architect adores.

Nor mourns the absent glare of day,  
The glitt'ring mead, or warbler's song;  
For what are birds, or meadows gay,  
To all that dazzling, starry throng.

So, when the Saint's calm Eve draws nigh,  
With joy the voice of death he hears;  
Heav'n opes upon his wond'ring eye,  
And Earth's poor vision disappears.

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M A T T Y.

A

S O N G.

**W**HILE Phœbus reposes in Thetis's bosom,  
While, white thro' the branches the moon-  
light is seen ;

Here, lonely, I rove, near the old Hawthorn's blof-  
som,

To meet with my Matty, and stray o'er the green.

Nor hardship, nor care, now my bosom harasses

My moments, from fame, and its nonsense are free ;  
Ambition I leave to the folly of Asses,

For Matty is Fame and Ambition to me.

S

The Great may exclaim, and with fury enclose me,  
But fools, or the rabble, shall growl now in vain;  
Their madness, their malice shall ne'er discompose me,  
Since Matty commends, and delights in my strain.

And kind is the lovely, the charming young creature ;

Sweet beauty and Innocence smile in her cheek ;  
In raptures I wander, and gaze o'er each feature,  
My bosom unable its transports to speak.

When lock'd arm in arm we retire from the City,  
To stray through the meadow or shadowy grove,  
How oft do I wake her compassion and pity,  
While telling some tale of unfortunate love.

Her innocent answers delight me to hear them,  
For art or dissembling to her are unknown ;  
And false protestations she knows not to fear them,  
But thinks that each heart is as kind as her own,

And lives there a villain, who, born to dissemble,  
Would dare an attempt to dishonour her fame,  
May blackest confusion, surrounding, assemble,  
And bury the wretch in distraction and shame.



Ye Pow'rs ! be my task to protect and behold her,  
To wander delighted with her all the day ;  
When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,  
And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.

But, hush ! who comes yonder ? 'tis Matty my dearest,  
The moon, how it brightens, while she treads the  
plain !

I'll welcome my beautiful nymph, by the nearest,  
And pour my whole soul in her bosom again.

L O C H W I N N O C H,

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

**W**HEN in the western main our Orb of light,  
Sinks slowly down from the advancing night,  
Mute sadness hangs o'er all the lonely earth,  
Old gloomy Night leads all her horrors forth;  
Wild howls the dreary waste, where furies roam,  
Harsh hated shrieks start from the ruin'd dome;  
Dread darkness reigns in melancholy state,  
And pensive Nature seems to mourn her fate.  
Such was the gloom, dear Sir, that wrapt my soul,  
Such were the thoughts, and such the sighs that stole  
From this poor bosom, when, with tearful view,  
I bade Edina, and my friend adieu;

Bade him adieu, whose kind engaging art,  
 Unbounded goodness and inspiring heart,  
 Has cheer'd my Muse, and bid her joyous soar,  
 While Want and Ruin thunder'd at the door.

Long was the way, the weary way to tread,  
 Stern fortune frown'd, and ev'ry hope had fled ;  
 How rush'd reflection on my tortur'd mind,  
 As slow I went, and sighing gaz'd behind.  
 Our rural walks, while the gray eastern morn,  
 Yet faintly breaking, deck'd the dewy thorn ;  
 Or when link'd arm in arm, we peaceful stray'd,  
 The Meadows round, beneath yon leafy shade.  
 There oft the muse pursu'd her soaring flight,  
 While day was sunk, and reign'd the starry night.  
 Farewel, I cry'd ; a long farewel to you ;  
 Fate, cruel urges, happy scenes adieu.

But, blest be heav'n ! when two sad days were past,  
 I reach'd my peaceful native plains at last ;  
 Sweet smil'd the Muse to hear the Rustics sing,  
 And fond to rise, she stretch'd her ample wing.  
 On ev'ry side the blooming landscape glow'd ;  
 Here shepherds whistled, there the cascade flow'd.  
 Heav'ns ! had I known what gay, delightful scenes,  
 Of woods, and groves, adorn'd these happy plains,



Edina's crowds, and footy turrets high,  
Should ne'er have cost me one regretting sigh.

Though fair sweet Fortha's banks, tho' rich her  
    plains,  
Far nobler prospect claim the muse's strains.  
Fate now has led me, to green-waving groves,  
Blest scenes of innocence and rural loves ;  
Where cloudy smoke ne'er darkens up the sky,  
Nor glaring buildings tire the sick'ning eye ;  
But spreading Meadows, wave with flow'ry hay,  
And, drown'd in grass, the milky mothers stray ;  
While down each vale descends the glitt'ring rill,  
And bleating flocks swarm o'er each smiling hill.  
And woody vales, where deep retir'd from sight,  
Lone rivers brawl o'er many a horrid height.

If scenes like these can please your roving mind,  
Or lend one rapture to my dearest friend,  
All hail ! ye sacred Nine, assist my flight,  
To spread their beauties open to his sight.

Low, at the foot of huge extended hills,  
Whose cloudy tops pour down unnumber'd rills,  
And where loud Calder, rushing from the steep,  
Roars to the Lake, with hoarse resistless sweep,

LOCHWINNOCH stands, stretch'd on a rising groun',  
 In bulk a Village, but in worth a Town.  
 Here lives your friend, amid as cheerful swains  
 As e'er trod o'er the fam'd Arcadian plains,  
 Far from the world retir'd, our only care  
 In filken gauze to form the flow'rets fair,  
 To bid, beneath our hands, gay blossoms rise,  
 In all the colours of the changing skies.

Dispatch'd to foreign climes, our beauteous toil  
 Adorn the fair of many a distant Isle,  
 Shield from the scorching heat or shiv'ring storm,  
 And fairer deck out Nature's fairest form.

Such our sweet toils, when Peace, with glad'ning smile,  
 Wraps in her wings our little busy Isle;  
 But when, loud bellowing, furious from afar,  
 Is heard the uproar of approaching War,  
 Britannia rousing, when aspiring foes  
 Call forth her vengeance, and provoke her blows,  
 Then, all the Hero, in their bosom burns;  
 Their Country calls, and rage dull pleasure spurns.  
 Beneath the throng of many a glitt'ring spear.  
 In marshall'd lines the fearless youths appear,  
 The drum resounds—they leave their native shore,  
 On distant coasts to swell the Battle's roar;  
 There quell the furious foe, or see their homes no  
 more.

But these are harsh extremes ; rough labour now  
 Bathes each firm Youth, and hoary Parent's brow ;  
 Nought shews, but brisk activity around,  
 The Plough-boy's song, the tradesman's hamm'ring  
 found.

See ! from yon Vale, in huge, enormous height,  
 Glitt'ring with windows on th' admiring sight,  
 The Fabric \* swells—*within*, ten thousand ways  
 Ingenious BURNS his wond'rous Art displays :  
 Wheels turning wheels, in mystic throngs appear,  
 To twist the thread, or tortur'd Cotton tear,  
 While toilingwenches songs delight the list'ning ear. }

At little distance, bord'ring on the Lake,  
 Where blooming shrubs, from golden branches, shake  
 Ambrosial sweets, midst shelt'ring coverts high,  
 Fair CASTLE-SEMPLE † glitters on the eye :  
 As when bright Phoebus bursts some gloomy shroud,  
 And glorious issues from the darksome cloud,  
 Superbly enters on th' empyrean blue,  
 And shines, reveal'd, to the enraptur'd view ;  
 So, from the trees, the beauteous structure opes,  
 Shelter'd with hills, and many a deep'ning copse.

\* A large Cotton Mill lately erected here.

† The elegant Country Seat of the Hon. William M'Dowal,  
 Member of Parliament for Ayrshire.



The wond'ring stranger stops t'admire the scene ;  
 The dazzling Mansion, and the shaven green ;  
 The fir-topt Mount, where brouze the bounding Deer,  
 The Lake adjoining, stretching smooth and clear ;  
 The long glass Hot-house, basking in the rays,  
 Where nameless blossoms swell beneath the blaze ;  
 Where India's clime, in full perfection glows,  
 And fruits, and flow'rs, o'ercharge the bending boughs.  
 These, and unnumber'd beauties, charm his sight,  
 And oft he turns, and gazes with delight.

Ye lonely Walks ! now sinking from the sight,  
 Now rising easy to the distant height,  
 Where, o'er my head, the bending branches close,  
 And hang a solemn gloom—sedate repose !  
 Now gen'rous op'ning, welcomes in the day,  
 While o'er the road the shadowy branches play.  
 Hail ! happy spots of Quiet and of Peace !  
 Dear fav'rite scenes, where all my sorrows cease !  
 Where calm retirement reigns in sober mood,  
 Lull'd by the songsters of the neighb'ring wood.

Here oft, beneath the shade, I lonely stray,  
 When Morning opes, or Evening shuts the day ;  
 Or when, more black than night, Fate stern appears,  
 With all his train of pale despairing fears.

The winding walks, the solitary wood,  
 The uncouth Grotto, melancholy rude ;  
 My refuge these, th' attending Muse to call,  
 Or in Pope's lofty page to lose them all.

But what, my friend, would all these scenes avail,  
 The walks meand'ring, or the stretching dale,  
 The wood-clad Mountain, or the founding streams,  
 The harvest waving in the glowing beams ;  
 What all the pomp of Nature or of Art,  
 If Heav'n had harden'd the proud Owner's heart ?  
 And is it so, ye ask ? Ah, no, my friend,  
 Far other motives swell his generous mind,  
 He lives, he reigns, belov'd in ev'ry soul ;  
 Our wants and hardships through his bosom roll.  
*Those* he alleviates with a Parent care,  
 And *these*, by him spread forth, disperse in air.

When late pale Trade, wrapt up in yellow weeds,  
 With languid looks, seem'd to forsake our Meads,  
 When, for her sons, stern Paisley sole confin'd  
 The Web, to finish, or the woof to wind,  
 Thro' all the village desolation reign'd,  
 And deep distress each cheek with sorrow stain'd,  
 Oh ! may these eyes ne'er gaze on such a scene,  
 Ne'er may I listen to such woes again.

Here mourn'd a Father, for his labour gone,  
 Survey'd his Babes, and heav'd the bitter groan ;  
 The weeping maid, though blest with blooming charms,  
 Saw now her lover forc'd to quit her arms,  
 While silence hung, and melancholy gloom,  
 Thro' each lone Shop, and o'er each useless loom.

Our mis'ries reach'd his ear, his manly breast  
 Felt for our woes, nor ev'n the tear suppress'd.  
 He bade us hope, nor were our hopes in vain ;  
 Soon welcome news surpris'd each grateful swain.  
 Hope smil'd propitious—ev'ry shop resum'd  
 New heart, and soul, tho' late to ruin doom'd.  
 The sounding shuttle, sweeps from side to side,  
 Swift o'er the beam the finish'd flow'rings glide ;  
 Songs soothe our toil, and pour the grateful flame ;  
 And ev'ry tongue-reveres the Patriot's name.

From scenes like these, let Pride disdainful turn,  
 And Malice hiss, and squinting Envy burn ;  
 Yet, when entomb'd the worthy Patriot lies,  
 And his rapt soul has gain'd her native skies,  
 Such deeds as these shall aggrandize his name,  
 While they lie buried in eternal shame.

From Clyde's fair river to the western shore,  
 Where smoky Saltcoats braves the surge's roar,



A range of Hills extend, from whose each side,  
 Unnumber'd streams, in headlong fury ride,  
 Aloft in air their big, blue backs are loft,  
 Their distant shadows black'ning all the coast ;  
 High o'er their proudest peaks, oft hid in show'rs,  
 The imperious MISTY.LAW \* superior tow'rs ;  
 Spiry at top, o'erclad with purpling heath,  
 Wide he looks round o'er Scotia's plains beneath.  
 The Atlantic main, that opens on the west,  
 Spotted with Isles, that crowd its liquid breast ;  
 Hills heapt on hills, support the northern sky,  
 Far to the east the Ochills hugely lie.  
 How vast around the boundless prospect spreads,  
 Blue rivers rolling through their winding beds ;  
 Black waving Woods, Fields glowing on the eye,  
 And hills, whose summits hide them in the sky.  
 Still farther would I gaze, with rapture blest,  
 But bending clouds hang down and hide the rest.

Descending from the Hill's o'erhanging head,  
 Bare moors below uncomfortably spread.  
 Here stray the hardy sheep, in scatter'd flocks,  
 Nibbling thro' furze, and grim projecting rocks,

\* A high mountain of that name, situated within a few miles  
 of Lochwinnoch, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the  
 surrounding Country.

Strangers to shelter from bleak Winter's form,  
 His loudest blasts they brave, and bitterest storm,  
 By human hands untouch'd save when the swain  
 Drives to the crowded hut the bleating train,  
 Shears off the matted fleece, with gleeful haste,  
 And sends them naked to the lonely waste.

Here, as the Shepherd ranges o'er the heath  
 The speckled Adder sweeps across his path,  
 Or lies collected, in the sun's bright beams,  
 Or wriggles forward to the distant streams ;  
 But sudden caught, in vain the felon flies,  
 He feels the scourging crook, and stretch'd and gaping  
 dies.

Near the bleak border of these lonely moors,  
 Where o'er the Brook the mossy margin low'rs,  
 Midst clust'ring trees, and sweet furrounding dells,  
 In rural Cot, a rustic Poet dwells ;  
 Unknown to him, the dull, elab'rate rules,  
 And mazy doctrines of pedantic schools :  
 Yet Genius warms his breast with noble fire,  
 And the rapt Muse seems eager to inspire.  
 High on the herby hill, while morning smiles,  
 And shoots her beams along the distant isles,  
 Cheerful he sits, and gazing o'er the plain,  
 In native language, pours his jocund strain ;

" How bonny Morning *speels* the eastlin *list*,  
 An' *waukens* Lads an' Lassies to their *thrift*,  
 Gars Lavrocks sing, and *canty* Lamies loup,  
 And me mysel *croon* cheary on my *doup* :"  
 Or oft, rejoic'd, he sings how best to rear  
 Big swelling roots, the Peasant's homely chear,  
 When drown'd with milk, amid the pot they're prest,  
 Or mealy, bursting, fill his brawny fist ;  
 How the deep bog, or wat'ry marsh to drain,  
 And bid bare hillocks groan with bending grain\*.  
 These are the themes that oft engage his Muse,  
 Swell his full breast, and stretch his wid'ning views ;  
 While wond'ring Shepherds, as they round him throng,  
 Survey the hoary Bard, and bless th' instructing song.

When harvest's o'er, his last, his sweetest toil,  
 And ev'ry barn contains the rustling spoil ;  
 When winter growls along the frozen lakes,  
 And whit'ning snows descend in silent flakes ;  
 When all *without* is drear, and keen blown frost  
 Has each hard foot-step on the road embost,  
 Led by the pale-fac'd moon, o'er drifted plains,  
 From many a cottage trudge the neighb'ring fwains,  
 To hear his tale, and, round his glowing hearth,  
 To pass the night in innocence and mirth.

\* Alluding to his speech on farming.—Vide Semple's History of Renfrewshire, p. 116.



Retir'd from Towns, from scenes of guilt and strife,  
How blest, poor Shepherds your untroubled life !  
No deep black schemes employ your jocund hour,  
Like birds of prey, each other to devour.  
The milky flocks throng nibbling o'er the steep,  
The tinkling brooks, that sweetly lull to sleep.  
The warbling Bank, the dewy Morn's pale light,  
While mists rise slowly from each neighb'ring height,  
The Lark's shrill song, the Blackbird's wilder airs,  
These are your pleasures, these your happy cares.

Down from this spreading moor, with gath'ring  
force,  
Impetuous Calder leaves his marshy source,  
Through deep funk vales and rude resisting rocks  
His furious current raves, and thundering smokes,  
While swift he pours along in foamy pride,  
Huge massy bulwarks rise on either side ;  
Rocks grimly low'ring o'er the darken'd stream,  
Hollow'd with Caves, where ne'er peept Phœbus,  
beam.

*Here*, in red clusters, hang the juicy *Rown* :  
*There* sun-burnt nuts depress the hazel down ;  
High on yon rock the luscious Berries swarm,  
Yet mock the efforts of the straining arm,

So, when some Poet, wand'ring through the street,  
 If chance a fav'ry smell his nostrils meet,  
 Sudden he stops—looks round on some Cook's stall,  
 And eager gazes—but a look's his all.

Wild scenes, my friend, now rush upon my sight,  
 Of woods hung branching from th'impending height;  
 Of rude romantic cliffs, where, high in air,  
 The fleet-wing'd Hawk protects her clam'rous care;  
 Of Calder, winding through the deep funk vale,  
 Midst trees embosom'd from the rustling gale,  
 Impatient now, thro' op'ning Banks to roam,  
 Now rushing o'er the rocks a stream of foam;  
 Now stealing deep, where stretch'd from side to side,  
 The bellying Arch \* reclin'd arrests the tide,  
 While down the dizzy brink resistless fleet,  
 The river rolls in one wide glitt'ring sheet.

Adjoining this, midst bord'ring reeds and fens,  
 The lengthen'd Lake its glassy flood extends,  
 Slow stealing on, with lazy silent pace,  
 The Peel † lone rising from its wat'ry face.  
 Here stalks the Heron, gazing in the lake,  
 The snowy Swan, and party-colour'd Drake;

\* A high dam erected for raising the water to the Cotton Mill.

† The ruins of an old fortress.

The Bittern lone, that shakes the solid ground,  
 While thro' still midnight groans the hollow sound ;  
 The noisy Goose, the Teal, in black'ning trains,  
 And long-bill'd Snipe, that knows approaching rains ;  
 Wild fowl, unnumber'd, here continual rove,  
 Explore the deep, or sail the waves above.

When Harvest loads the fields with shocks of grain,  
 And heaps of hay bestud the marshy plain,  
 Then have I seen the clouds tumultuous rise,  
 Huge, from the South, grim dark'ning all the skies.  
 Then howl'd the blust'ring wind, the lashing rain,  
 In streaming torrents, pour'd along the plain,  
 Down from the steep, swell'd brown from shore to  
 shore,

O'er rocks enormous with rethund'ring roar  
 Hoarse Calder dash'd—the Lake a sea appears,  
 And down, at once, the bord'ring harvest bears ;  
 Wheat, hay, and oats, float o'er the boiling tide,  
 And, lost for ever, down the current ride.  
 Plung'd to the middle in the swelling waves,  
 See Swains, half-drown'd, drag out the dripping  
 sheaves ;

While, on the brink, the farmer stands forlorn,  
 And takes his last sad look of the departing corn.



But, hark ! fierce Boreas blows, keen from the hills,  
 The frost severe enchains the trickling rills ;  
 Wide o'er the Lake a glassy pavement spreads,  
 Snow robes the fields, and heaps the mountain's heads ;  
 Scarce o'er yon southern hill the sun appears,  
 Feeble his rays, far from our sight he wears.  
 How chill the air ! How vehement the storm !  
 Bleak Winter growls, and shakes his hoary form.

Seasons like these, ne'er damp the glowing veins  
 Of rugged Scotia's hardy native swains ;  
 Forth to the Ice our little Village pours,  
 In healthy sports to pass the shiv'ring hours.  
 On fleeting Skates some skim its glitt'ring face,  
 In swift excursion or meand'ring chace ;  
 While, in black crowds, the Curlers throng around,  
 Men, stones, and befoms, thund'ring up the sound.

Nor is our pleasure less when Spring appears,  
 And Sol again the changing landscape cheers :  
 With pausing step to trace the murm'ring brook,  
 And o'er the stream display the purling hook ;  
 While from each bush the feather'd warblers rove,  
 And soothe the soul to sacred peace and love.  
 Or as at sober silent eve we walk  
 With the sweet fair, engag'd in harmless talk,

The raptur'd heart enjoys a conscious glow,  
Which care can't damp or gaudy wealth bestow.

Farewel, my friend ! for me no more repine ;  
Peaceful I live, ah ! were my blifs but thine.  
Through these wild banks together could we stray,  
Or range the wood, to shun the fultry day,  
Nor care, nor pain cou'd then my peace destroy,  
And thy dear Muse would double ev'ry joy :  
But since we're doom'd far sever'd to remain,  
Since murm'ring swells, but never sooths our pain ;  
Hence ! ye vain wishes—Friendship, heav'nly glow,  
Best, choicest blifs bestow'd on Man below,  
Shall reign united, with triumphant pride,  
Tho' kingdoms, seas, and half the world divide.

T O

D E L I A,

*On her insisting to know who was the subject of a  
certain Panegyric.*

**B**EAUTEOUS maid! no more enquire on  
Who thus warms my raptur'd strain;  
Here I'll strive to paint the fair one,  
Though, alas! I strive in vain.

Tall and graceful is her stature;  
Loose and dazzling is her dress;  
Cupids sport from every feature,  
And in ev'ry jet black tress.

Mild she's, as the dewy morning,  
When exulting warblers sing;  
As the summer beams adorning,  
Modest as the blushing spring.



She talks—my soul is held in capture ;  
When she smiles, 'tis matchless bliss ;  
She sings—and, oh ! I'm all in rapture ;  
Gods ! was ever joy like this ?

Were my treasures high as heaven,  
Vast as earth, and deep as hell ;  
Richest gems, from India riven,  
All I'd give with her to dwell.

Would you wish to see this Venus,  
This most sweet of all that's fair ?  
Ne'er with guesses rack your genius ;  
Look your glass—you'll see her there,

A N

EXPOSTULATORY ADDRESS,

TO THE RAGGED SPECTRE;

P O V E R T Y.

**H**AGGARD harlot ! why thus dare  
To wage with me eternal war,  
Shall I bear it ? no, thou strumpet !  
Here I swear, in voice like trumpet,  
Soon's thou shows thy visage elf,  
Meet thy fate and blame thyself.  
Did I e'er invite, or wrong thee ?  
Did I vow e'er to belong t' thee ?  
Do I welcome ? Do I nurse thee ?  
No, thou ly'st—I hate, I curse thee ;  
Why, then, black, presumpt'ous ghost,  
Why thus stern invade my coast ?

Some thou throws but shadows o'er them,  
 Fly't thyself, and all adore them.  
 Why thus partial? If the Muse  
 Deign, at times, to bless my brows,  
 I lift the pen—prepare for study,  
 There thou stares, grim, ghastly, duddy,  
 Shakes thy rags—begins thy grieving;  
 Terrifies the Muse to heaven;  
 Then displays my pockets empty;  
 Belly worse, and all to tempt me.  
 Humour—rhyming—headlong scampers—  
 Rotten stockings—soleless trampers—  
 Nameless torments—crowds of evils  
 Grin around, like real Devils.

So disfigur'd, with thy scoffing,  
 Need I wonder, why so often  
 Friends go past, nae answer gi'e me,  
 Look their Watch, and never see me.



THE  
WASP'S REVENGE.  
A FABLE.

**B**ESIDE a warbling flow'ry grove  
By contemplation led, or love,  
Lone, in the summer noon-tide ray,  
Young beauteous Jeanie basking lay,  
Her cheeks outvy'd the rose's bloom,  
Her lips the cherry—breath, perfume,  
In silk apparel, loose array'd,  
She beauty's ev'ry charm display'd.

As thus the sultry hour she spent,  
With Phœbus's beams unnerv'd and faint,  
Dull Morpheus silently did creep,  
And ere she knew, lull'd her asleep.

A roving wasp, pert, gaudy squire,  
 Struck with the fragrance of the air,  
 In raptur'd hurry on her lip,  
 The fancy'd rose-bud dew to sip,  
 Soft perch'd—and, ah! what bliss he drew!  
 Ne'er Wasp suck'd such mellifluous dew.  
 With joy his little bag he stor'd,  
 And ev'ry glitt'ring creek explor'd:  
 But, cruel fate! the waking maid,  
 Unknowing, snapt his hapless head  
 With deadly crash—"Revenge," he cry'd,  
 Then deeply stung, and quiv'ring dy'd.  
 Alarm'd, she started, with a bound,  
 And shook her robes—but, ah! the wound,  
 Deep-rooted, gall'd with aching smart,  
 And pining pierc'd her to the heart.  
 She trembl'd—wept—but wept in vain;  
 Huge rose her lip—extreme the pain;  
 Till o'er her chin, with venom stung,  
 A monstrous sight it glist'ring hung.

'Twas then, gay beauteous Jean, no more  
 Unfit to speak, she shriek'd, she tore  
 Her fluttering dress, and inward vow'd,  
 If e'er her lip could be renew'd,

No careless hour should see her laid,  
Inglorious, in the sun, or shade.

Ye flust'ring Beaus, and every Rake,  
That read or list around,  
By this Wasp's fate example take,  
Nor lag on unknown ground,  
Else ye may come to mourn, too late,  
And stretch your mouths, and roar,  
And curse your bitter, pining fate,  
When ye can sing no more.

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THE

CRUELTY OF REVENGE.

A T A L E.

**W**HAT rising passions through my bosom range,  
When beauteous Sufan sings the Moor's  
revenge,

Thus runs the tale—Far from the noisy court,  
Midst lonely woods, was wealthy Don's resort;  
A worthy Lady blest his gen'rous arms,  
And two young boys, with all their winning charms,  
Possess'd of these, and of each other's hearts,  
They scorn'd the world, and all its cheating arts.  
Domestic cares, her lord, her smiling boys  
Were all her pride, the source of all her joys.  
*His*, thro' wild woods to hunt the Leopard fleet,  
Bear home the spoils, and lay them at her feet.

When morning rose, equipt he cours'd the plain,  
 And fought the chase, a Moor his only train.  
 Him, from dire chains, his master's bounty freed,  
 Behind his lord to curb the stately steed.  
 Indulg'd in sloth, the gloomy villain grew  
 Each day more heedless, and more haughty too.  
 He now ev'n dares his orders to deride ;  
 His lord rebuk'd him, and chastis'd his pride.  
 With madd'ning rage his sparkling eye-balls roll,  
 And black revenge employs his furious soul.

High on a rock, amid the gloomy wood,  
 Secure from foes, their ancient castle stood ;  
 A wide, deep moat, around the fabric soak'd,  
 And strong high-walls the midnight robber mock'd ;  
 One path alone led to its dizzy height ;  
 By day a bridge, a bolted gate by night.

One morn, as forth they took their early road,  
 And thro' dark vales and deep'ning forests trod ;  
 Urg'd by revenge, the Moor back sudden springs,  
 Secures the gate, and forth the children brings.  
 His lord alarm'd, spurs swiftly o'er the plain,  
 Fast finds the gate, and views with shudd'ring pain  
 His beauteous babes, from their fond mother tore,  
 Dash'd down the rock, and reeking in their gore ;

While his fair spouse, beneath a lifted knife,  
In loud lamentings, deep implor'd for life.  
“Thou Fury stop!” the raving husband cries;—  
“I scorn thy threats,” th’ infernal Moor replies;  
“A blow thou gave—now for thy rashness feel;”  
Then in her breast he plung’d the deadly steel,  
And bounding headlong down th’ impervious rock,  
His mangled corse in bloody fragments broke.



E P I S T L E

TO J\*\*\* B\*\*\*,

WITH P——'S POEMS.

**W**ITH wond'rous delight I've now por'd o'er  
the pages,

Your goodness was pleas'd to remit me a while;  
Which, tho' they have seen near a couple of ages,  
Still flow in a simple, smooth beauty of stile.  
Wit here and there flashes, the reader alarming,  
And Humour oft bends the pleas'd face to a smile;  
How sweetly he sings of his Chloe so charming;  
How lofty of William's dread conquests and spoil.

And, oh! how the heart with soft passion is moved,  
While Emma pours out her fond bosom in song;

In tears I exclaim, Heav'ns ! how the maid loved,  
 But ah ! 'twas too cruel to try her so long.  
 But quickly young Laughter extirpates my mourning,  
 To hear the poor Doctor haranguing his wife,  
 Who stretch'd upon bed, lies tumultuously turning,  
 And pants to engage in sweet Venus's strife.

In short, my good friend, I esteem him a poet,  
 Whose mem'ry will live while the Luscious can  
 charm ;  
 And Rochester sure had desisted to show it,  
 If conscious that P——r so keenly cou'd warm.  
 So nicely he paints it, he words it so modest,  
 So swiftly he varies his flight in each line ;  
 Now soaring on high, in expressions the oddest,  
 Now sinking, and deigning to grovel with swine.

The Ladle, O raptures ! what Bard can exceed it ?  
 " His modesty, Sir, I admire him for that"—  
 Hans Carvel most gloriously ends when you read it,  
 But Paulo Purganti—how flaming ! how fat !  
 Ten thousand kind thanks I return for your bounty ;  
 For, troth, I'm transported whenever I think  
 How Fame will proclaim me aloud through each  
 county,  
 For singing like P——r of Ladles and st—k.

## L I N E S

## WRITTEN ON A SUMMER EVENING.

**N**OW day's bright Orb has left our lonely sphere,  
 No more the flocks, no more the flowers appear;  
 But still and slow descend the balmy dew,  
 And earth's dark surface with their moisture strew.  
 Night comes apace, faint gleams the western day,  
 Hoarse screams th' *Corn-craik*, from the dewy hay;  
 Crawl'd, from yon ruins, where she shuns the light,  
 The flutt'ring Bat begins her mazy flight.  
 All æther's hush'd, no other sound I hear,  
 Save some lone stream, slow murm'ring on my ear.  
 But, see! the moon, deep-flush'd, with paler light,  
 Of clouds disrob'd, dispels the pitchy night,  
 With rising splendor brightens to the view,  
 Gay, rolling onward through th' olympian blue;  
 The stars, surrounding, sparkle on the eye,  
 And Night in solemn pomp o'erspreads the sky.  
 My heart exults at such a scene as this,  
 And feels emotions words can ne'er express.



A

## C H A R A C T E R.

*Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time,  
Slides into verse, and bitches in a rhyme ;  
Sacred to ridicule, his whole life long,  
And the sad burden of some merry song.*

POPE.

**A**USTERIO, an insipid, senseless old wretch,  
Who all the whole morn in his bed lies a snoring,  
By cheating and lying has made himself rich,  
And spends the whole night o'er his papers a poring.

He tosses, he tumbles, and rolls in his bed,  
Like a swine in her sty, or a door on its hinges ;  
When his landlady calls him, he lifts up his head,  
D—ns her haste—rubs his eyes, and most lazily  
whinges.

Y

Then groans out, " Bring here my warm'd breeches  
" and shirts,"

And launches one dirty bare leg from the sheeting;  
Cleans his jaws from a deluge of ugly brown squirts;  
Draws a chair, and prepares, gracious heaven! for  
eating.

All day with a fist in each pocket he walks,  
With the air of a goose, from one shop to another;  
Of caption and horning eternally talks,  
For he'd d—n to a jail and starvation his brother.

Some folk, ere they swear to the value or price,  
Consult with their conscience, lest they prove un-  
civil;

But —, when he sells (for he ne'er was too nice)  
Confers with his rev'rend old partner—the devil,

If HORNS with a grin whisper into his ear,  
" My boy, raise thy arm, or by Jove, they'll us cozen;  
By the heav'ns, or earth, or by any thing swear"—  
He'll swear on oath on oath for a fixpence a dozen.

## A C H T E R T O O L \*.

### A S O N G.

*Tune, One Bottle more.*

**F**ROM the village of Lessly with a heart full of glee,  
And my pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free,  
Resolv'd that same ev'ning, as Luna was full,  
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Achterttool.

Thro' many a lone cottage and farm-house I steer'd,  
Took their money, and off with my budget I sheer'd;  
The road I explor'd out, without form or rule,  
Still asking the nearest to old Achterttool.

A clown I accosted, enquiring the road,  
He star'd like an ideot, then roar'd out, "Gude G—d!  
Gin ye're ga'n there for quarters, ye're surely a fool,  
For there's nought but starvation in auld Achterttool!"

\* A little obscure village in Fifeshire.



Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursu'd,  
Till I came to a hill top, where joyful I view'd,  
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white pool,  
To the small smoky village of old Achterttool.

At length I arriv'd at the edge of the town,  
As Phœbus behind a high mountain went down ;  
The clouds gather'd dreary, and weather blew foul,  
And I hugg'd myself safe now in old Achterttool.

An inn I enquir'd out, a lodging desir'd,  
But the Landlady's pertness seem'd instantly fir'd ;  
For she faucy reply'd, as she sat carding wool,  
“ I ne'er kept sic lodgers in auld Achterttool.”

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride ;  
But, asking, was told, there was none else beside,  
Except an old Weaver, who now kept a school,  
And these were the whole that were in Achterttool.

To his mansion I scamper'd, and rapt at the door ;  
He op'd, but as soon as I dar'd to implore,  
He shut it like thunder, and utter'd a howl,  
That rung through each corner of old Achterttool.

Provok'd now to fury, the Domini I curst,  
 And offer'd to cudgel the wretch, if he durst;  
 But the door he fast bolted, though Boreas blew cool,  
 And left me all friendless in old Achterttool.

Depriv'd of all shelter, thro' darkness I trod,  
 Till I came to a ruin'd old house by the road;  
 Here the night I will spend, and, inspir'd by the Owl,  
 I'll send up some prayers for old Achterttool.

THE  
G R O U P.  
A S O N G.

Tune, *Poor Laurie.*

**C**OME fill up the bowl, my brave boys!  
And round let us circle the treasure;  
Huzza! my good fellows, rejoice!  
For here is a fountain of pleasure.  
And while the big Bumper doth pass,  
Old Bacchus shall never confound me;  
I'll drink, and, between every glass,  
Loud roar of the Wits that surround me,  
And bring their each talent to view.

Imprimis. Here sits by my side,  
A hum'rous young son of the muses,  
Who lord o'er our passions can ride,  
And wind them wherever he chuses.



The *terrible frown* he can form,  
Look *dismally holy* thereafter,  
Then screw up his face to a storm,  
That nigh bursts the beholder with laughter,  
And makes ev'ry mortal his friend.

That little stout fellow in green,  
Observe how accomplish'd and tight he's;  
Good humour fits full in his mien,  
And mirth his eternal delight is.  
When through the wild hornpipe he sweeps,  
We stare as we never had seen him,  
So nimbly he capers and leaps,  
You wou'd swear that some devil was in him,  
To flourish his heels so expert.

See! handing the glass to his friend,  
Young Jamie, polite and endearing;  
To please he is ever inclin'd,  
Tho' sometimes harassingly jeering.  
So sweetly a sonnet he sings,  
He chats to the Ladies so clever,  
That Cupid should sure give him wings,  
And make him his Archer for ever,  
To level the Beauties and Belles.

And there fits the Genius of song,  
 Whose music so nobly can warm us,  
 The Fife now arousingly strong,  
 Now waking the Viol to charm us:  
 Yet sometimes he's mournfully mute,  
 And tho' we implore while we're able,  
 He frowning refuses the Flute,  
 And pensively leans on the table,  
 As if he were lull'd in a trance.

With golden locks loose to the wind,  
 Here fits a swain, kind and free-hearted,  
 To ev'ry one science inclin'd,  
 By every amusement diverted.  
 Philosophy, Painting, and Song,  
 Alternately gain his affection,  
 But his bliss is to store up a throng  
 Of Insects and Worms for dissection,  
 Of numberless sizes and kinds.

Here Wilson and Poverty fits,  
 Perpetually boxing together,  
 Till beat by good liquor she flits,  
 And leaves him as light as a feather.  
 From two most unfortunate views,  
 Proceeds his inconstant condition ;

His Joys are the smiles of the Muse,  
And his mis'ry the want of Ambition,  
To climb to the notice of fools.

But round with the Liquor, my boys!  
'Tis folly to languish repining;  
To swell up the tide of our joys,  
This Brimmer was sent us so shining.  
Since Blockheads and Asses grow rich,  
And modesty murders the wearer,  
If Merit must cow'r in the ditch,  
May she still have a Bumper to chear her,  
And raise her poor head to the skies.



TO THE AUTHOR OF A PIECE,

ENTITLED,

THE SAILOR AND LOUSE.

**H**AIL ! Thou whose great aspiring soul  
Can range, no doubt, from pole to pole,  
Creation's ample house,  
Yet deigns to memorate the name,  
And roll in the records of Fame,  
Thy bosom foe a—Louse.

Transporting Bard ! how didst thou light  
On such a Tale to fire thy flight,  
Such beauties to express ?  
How cou'dst thou, to our raptur'd view,  
Discover such a scene ? so new !—  
Forgive me if I guess.

Perhaps in some dark, dirty den,  
Long had'st thou pin'd, and chew'd thy pen,  
When (wond'rous inspiration !)

The gray inhabitants of hair,  
That itch'd thee ceaseless here-and-there,  
Claim'd all thy contemplation.

Impatient to be found in verse,  
Around thy hulk, thick-throng'd and fierce,  
The restless creatures hurry'd,  
Till thou for want of nobler theme  
Was forc'd t' immortalize their name,  
On pain of being worry'd.

THE

RETURN OF SPRING.

A S O N G.

*Tune, Happy Clown.*

COME, join with me, ye rural fwains,  
And wake the reed to cheerful strains,  
Since Winter now has fled our plains,  
With all his rueful store :  
No more the furious, blust'ring sky,  
From Greenland's dreary mountains high,  
(Where worlds of Ice tumultuous lie)  
Extends the mighty roar.

With dark'ning rage o'er yon rude Forth,  
No more the chill bleak breathing North,



Grim throws the fleecy tempest forth,  
Thick thro' the black'ning sky;  
Till o'er each hill and fullen vale,  
An universal *white* prevail,  
And deep beneath the snowy veil,  
The sad Creation lie.

The hoary Tyrant now has fled,  
Young blooming Spring our Fields o'erspread,  
Hope, Wealth, and Joy are by her led,  
An all-enliv'ning train.  
Along yon dale, or daified Mead,  
Soon as young morn uplifts her head,  
The Hind yokes in the willing steed,  
Blithe whist'ling o'er the Lawn;

The stately grove and thick'ning Wood,  
That Winter's furious blasts withstood,  
Unfold the verdant leafy brood,  
High waving in the air.  
While, o'er the Mountain's grassy steep,  
Are heard the tender bleating sheep,  
Around the wanton lambkins leap,  
At once their joy and care.

Amid the Bow'r, with wood-bines wove,  
Throughout the flower-enamell'd grove,

The humming bees unwearied rove,  
Gay bloomy sweets among;  
The chearful Birds, of varied hue,  
Their sweet meand'ring notes pursue;  
High soars the Lark, and lost to view,  
Pours forth his grateful song.

The wand'ring brook—the glitt'ring rill,  
The Cuckoo's note heard from the hill,  
The warb'ling Thrush and Black-bird shrill,  
Inspire with rapt'rous glee :  
Then join the Choir, each Nymph and Swain,  
Thro' ev'ry grove, and flow'ry plain,  
'Till hills resound the joyful strain,  
Harmonious to each Tree.

V E R S E S,

*On the death of a favourite Spaniel, maliciously poisoned.*

**H**OW soon are blessings snatch'd away!  
Our friends around us smile to-day,  
But oft ere morning's early ray,  
Salute the shore;  
We see them stretch'd, pale, lifeless clay,  
To please no more!

Poor Cupid! fondest friend I knew;  
To me, how kind! how matchless true!  
Whose frolics oft my laughter drew,  
Tho' grief deprest,  
By Death's envenom'd steel pierc'd through,  
Has breath'd his last.



But had the traitor, void of art,  
Produc'd the death denouncing dart,  
And calmly aim'd it at his heart,  
Still panting warm ;  
One piteous look had staid the smart,  
And fix'd his arm.

Yet, think not, since his debt is paid,  
I mourn the dear departed shade ;  
No—'neath yon apple-tree he's laid,  
To rise again ;  
Nor shall the youth or infant maid,  
Escape his pain.

Each year, when Spring her reign resumes,  
Then Cupid, from his bed of glooms,  
Shall spread the scarlet-tinctur'd blooms,  
In glorious view,  
While bees, amid the rich perfumes,  
Rove, murm'ring through,

When Autumn comes, serene and flow,  
And ruddy Berries, clustering, glow,  
When, with ripe fruit, the loaden'd bough,  
Bends to the fwaird,

Then Cupid swells the lov'liest show,  
In JOHNNY's yard.

And though in Apples now he rise,  
Yet swift and keen his arrow flies ;  
For soon as e'er your ravish'd eyes  
Gaze on his growth,  
The blushing cheek and wond'rous fize,  
Wou'd bless your mouth.

TO A SEALED LETTER.

**N**OW, little folded pregnant leaf,  
On thee for once my joy, my grief,  
My hopes, and fears await ;  
Now shall Misfortune cease to growl,  
Or black Despair assault my soul,  
And fix my hapless fate.

Oh ! may some Angel (guardian aid !)  
In robes celestial, sweet array'd,  
Unknown, unseen descend,  
And while thou opens on his eyes,  
Soft whisper the poor poet's sighs,  
And bid him be a friend.

Then shall the Muse outstretch her wing,  
And, fir'd with joy, exulting sing  
The bounty of the giver ;  
Yet if stern Fortune so ordain,  
That all my flatt'ring hopes are vain,  
Here, sorrow ! dwell for ever.



O N A

DEPARTED DRUNKARD.

**B**ORIO lies beneath this table,  
Bacchus, view the sight and weep ;  
Spite of all thy art was able  
Porter's lull'd him fast asleep.

Silent now the tongue of thunder,  
Dormant lies the arm of brass,  
Every sentence sunk our wonder,  
Ev'ry action crown'd the Afs.

Morpheus ! curse on thy intruding,  
Blest was he ere thou appear'd ;  
Snuff in vain 'gainst thy deluding,  
All his fiery forces rear'd.

See ! he wakes—his eye-lids glimmer—  
He struggles, faltering, to get free ;  
Ah ! he sinks—come, push the Brimmer,  
Jolly god ! 'twixt thee and me.

## V E R S E S,

*Occasioned by seeing two men sawing timber, in the open field, in defiance of a furious Storm.*

**M**Y friends, for G—d sake ! quat yer wark,  
 Nor think to war a wind fae stark ;  
 Your Saw-pit stoops, like wans, are shaking,  
 The vera planks and deals are quaking ;  
 Ye're tempin' Providence, I swear,  
 To raise your graith fae madly here.  
 Now, now ye're gone !—Anither blast  
 Like that, an' a' yer Sawing's past !  
 Come down, ye Sinner !—grip the Saw  
 Like death, or, trouth, ye'll be awa'.  
 Na, na, ye'll saw, tho' hail an' fleet  
 Wreathe owre your breast, an' freeze yer feet.  
 Hear how it roars, an' rings the bells ;  
 'The Carts are tum'lin' round themfels ;  
 The Tile an' Thack, an' Turf up whirls ;  
 See yon brick Lum !—down, down it hurls.—

But wha's yon staggering owre the brae,  
 Beneath a lade o' buttl't ftrae;  
 Be wha he will, poor luckless b—h!  
 His ftrae an' him's baith in the ditch.

The sclates are hurling down in hun'res,  
 The dading door an' winnock thun'ers.—  
 But, ho! my hat, my hat's awa'!  
 L—d help's! the Saw-pit's down an' a'!  
 Rax me your hand—hech! how he granes,  
 I fear your legs are broken banes.  
 I tauld you this; but, deil-mak-matter!  
 Ye thought it a' but idle clatter;  
 Now, see! ye misbelieving finners!  
 Your bloody fhins—your Saw in flinners;  
 An' roun' about your lugs the ruin,  
 That your demented folly drew on.

Experience ne'er fae ficker tells us,  
 As when she lifts her rung an' fells us.



THE

DISCONSOLATE WREN.

*Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the Grove.—*

THOMSON.

**T**HE morn was keekin' frae the east,  
The lav'rocks thrill, wi' dewy breast,  
Were tow'ring past my ken,  
Alang a burnie's flow'ry fide,  
That gurgl'd on, wi' glancin' glide,  
I gain'd a bushy Glen ;  
The circling nets ilk Spider weaves  
Bent wi' clear dew-drops hung,  
A roun' amang the spreading leaves,  
The cheary natives fung ;  
On'ts journey, the burnie,  
Fell dashing down some lins,  
White foaming, and roaming,  
In rage amang the flanes.

While on the gowan turf I fat,  
And view'd this blisfu' sylvan spat,  
Amid the joyous foun';  
Some mournfu' chirps, methought, of wae  
Stole on my ear, frae neath a brae;  
Whare, as I glinted down,  
I spy'd a bonny wee bit Wren,  
Lone, on a fuggy stane:  
An' aye she tore her breast, an' than,  
Poor thing, pour'd out her mane,  
Sae faintive, sae plaintive;  
To hear her vent her strain  
Distrest me, an' prest me  
To ken her cause o' pain.

Down frae a hingan hazel root,  
Wi' easy wing, an' sadly mute,  
A social Robin came;  
Upon a trem'lin twig he perch'd,  
While owre his head the craig was arch'd,  
Near han' the hapless dame;  
Awee he view'd her sad despair—  
Her bitter chirps of wae,  
Brought frae his e'e the pearly tear,  
Whilk owre his breast did gae;

Still eyeing, and spying,  
 Nane near to gi'e relief;  
 And drooping, and stooping,  
 He thus enquir'd her grief.

“ What dolefu' ill, alas! what woe  
 Gars thee sit mourning here below,  
 And rive thy mirley breast?  
 Has ony Whitret's direfu' jaws,  
 Or greedy Gled's fell squeezeing claws,  
 Made thy wee lord a feast?  
 Or has some Callans, frae the town,  
 While roaring through the shaw,  
 Thy wee things', nest an' a torn down,  
 An' borne them far awa?  
 My Wrannie, I canna  
 Rest till thy waes thou tell;  
 For I yet may cry yet  
 Wi' siccan griefs mysel.”

“ Och, Rab! my heart will brust in twa—  
 Alas! I'm dizzy—O I'll fa!  
 My legs, my heart will fail—  
 But since ye speer sae kind, my frien',  
 An' love like yours is feldom seen,  
 I'll tell the dreadfu' tale—



Aneath yon hingin' brae, as best,  
 Soon as the leaves came out,  
 Ye ken we joyfu' bug our nest,  
 And clos't it a' about.

Fu' cleanly, an' bienly  
 We lin'd it a' wi' down;  
 An' neatly, an' quietly,  
 We form'd it snug an' foun.

" The brae hung owre, in bushy height,  
 And hade it close frae ony's sight

That dauner't thro' the glen;  
 Nane e'er observ'd us jink within,  
 Or ever there for nests did fin,  
 'Twas sic a lanely den.

An' mony a day an' night I fat,  
 While my wee Tam did sing,  
 Till faxteen bonny things I gat,  
 A hotching 'neath each wing.

What pleasure, this treasure

Gied us, I needna' tell:

Sic pleasures, sic treasures,  
 Ye've aft enjoy'd yoursel.

“ Soon as the gladsome morning rose,  
I left them row’t in warm repose,  
An’ thro’ the warbling wood,  
’Mang aul’ tree-roots an’ prickly brier,  
My Tam an’ me, withouten fear,  
Rov’d for their wanted food ;  
An’, oh ! what transports swell’d my breast,  
At night, when I survey’d  
A’ safe an’ weel about our nest,  
An’ them quiet feath’rin’ laid !—  
Och ! Robin—this fobbin  
Forgie, for to the scenes  
I draw now, that gnaw now,  
My heart wi’ wringing pains.

“ This morn as foon as it grew light,  
Baith thro’ the glen we took our flight,  
An’ foon my neb I fill’d ;  
Some dreadfu’ hurling noise I heard,  
An’ pale forebodings made me fear’d,  
That a’ my hopes were kill’d.  
I fighter’t hame ; but och ! dread scene !  
Whose horror crush’d my breath :  
The brae had fa’n huge to the plain,  
An’ dash’d them a’ to death—

Ye heavens, my grievings  
You might have ceas'd to flow,  
Me crafhing, and dafhing  
With them to fhades below.

“ Nae mair I'll thro' the valley flee,  
An gather worms wi' blifsfu' glee,  
To feed my cheeping young;  
Nae mair wi' Tam himfel I'll rove,  
Nor fhall e'er joy, throughout the grove,  
Flow frae my wretched tongue;  
But lanely, lanely aye I'll hap,  
'Mang aul' ftane-dykes an' braes,  
Till fome ane roar down on my tap,  
An' end my joylefs days.”

So, lowly, and flowly  
Araife the haplefs Wren,  
While crying, and fighing,  
Remurmur'd through the Glen.



E P I S T L E,

TO MR. A\*\*\*\*\*. C\*\*\*\*\*.

**T**IR'D wi' tramping moors an' mosses,  
Speeling stairs, an' lifting snecks,  
Daunering down through lanes an' cloffes,  
Buskin' braw the bonny sex,

Hame, at e'ning, late I scuded,  
Whare auld Reekie's turrets tow'r,  
Mirk the Lift was, droufy cluded,  
An' the starns begoud to glow'r;

In my nieve, my honest Lucky,  
Soon's I reek't her ingle cheek,  
Ram't yer lines--as daft's a bucky  
Was I when I heard you speak.

Ben the room I ran wi' hurry,  
Clos'd the door wi' unco glee,  
Read, an' leugh, maist like to worry,  
Till my pow grew haffins ree.

Sonfy fa' your Muse, my laddie!  
She's a wench can mount fu' heigh,  
Tho' her phraizing (far owre gaudie)  
Gars me cock my tap fu' fkeigh.

Cartha's banks, wi' flow'rets hinging,  
Warbling birds, wi' tow'ring wing;  
Rocks and hills, wi' music ringing,  
Weel I like to hear you sing.

These are scenes of health an' quiet,  
Innocence and rural blifs;  
Solitude, tho' others fly it,  
Towns to me are dull with this.

Distant far frae ony living,  
Deep in lanely woodings lost,  
Oft my Muse, wi' ardour heaving,  
Sung her woes, by fortune crost.

Stretch'd beside the bubbling burnie  
Aften musing wou'd I lie,

While glad Phœbus, on his journey,  
Stream'd wi' gowd the eastern sky.

This, man, sets our brains a bizzing,  
This can soothe our forrowing breasts,  
Want and Care set afward whizzing,  
'Till our jaded hobby reests.

While ye spoke of notes enchanting,  
Dying o'er the distant plain,  
All my soul, tumultuous panting,  
Sprung to meet the friendly Swain.

Oh! prolong the sweet description,  
Bid the Muse new-prune her wing;  
Sylvan gods shall, at thy diction,  
Dance around in airy ring.

Shall the youth whose pow'rs surprising,  
Melt our souls to sweet delight,  
All the soul of song arising  
Thro' the silent list'ning night :

Shall he, doom'd to dark oblivion,  
Languish, lost to joy or fame,  
Not a swain to soothe his grieving,  
Not a Muse to sing his name.



Gods forbid ! for yet he'll blossom,  
In thy verses now he lives ;  
Gladly could I paint his bosom,  
Gen'rous as the song he gives.

But the cluds are black'ning dreary,  
Night is drawing owre her screen ;  
Bodies hame are daunerung weary,  
Dews are dribbling owre the green.

Trust me, tho' clos'd in a cellar,  
Wantin' huggars, breeks, or fark,  
Prest wi' debt, or blest wi' filler,  
I'm a frien' to An'rew C——.

R A B B Y ' S   M I S T A K E ,

A   T R U E   S T O R Y .

**S**HORT is the far'est fouk can see,  
Yet unco wary we shou'd be,  
To luk before we loup ;  
Nor e'er, in huth'ron haste, advance,  
Or we'll rin mony a narrow chance,  
In black mistaks to coup.

Ae cam, blae, bitter frosty day,  
When deep the glisterin' snaw-wreathes lay,  
Aboon ilk moor an' fiel',  
An' owre the Loch's clear frozen face,  
On skytchers thrang, in airy chace,  
Flew mony a cheery chiel.

Far aff the Curler's roaring rink,  
Re-echo'd loud, wi' noisy clink,  
O' stanes and besoms rappin';  
Doos flighter't thro' amang the stacks,  
An' craws upo' the toll-road tracts,  
In hungry mood were happin'.

Sic was the day, whan fan'-blin' Rab,  
Arm'd wi' a gun like ony stab,  
An' pocks o' lead an' pouter,  
Set out, in eager search for game,  
Resolv'd to bring a Maukin hame,  
In triumph, owre his shouter.

Nae snifterin' dog had he, I wat,  
To air't him to the lanely spat  
Whare ony creature lay :  
Tho' scarce twa tether-length his e'en  
Cou'd ken a midding by a green,  
Yet on he push'd his way.

Alangst the drifted crumpin' knowes,  
A' roun' his glimmerin' een he rowes,  
For Hares, or bits o' burdies ;



Aft taking ilka ftane he faw,  
Bare rais'd aboon the gliftering fnaw,  
For Puffley's crouchin' hurdies.

Down thro' the Glen between twa trees,  
At length fly glowrin' Rabby fees  
A Hare amang the bufhes :  
He chaps the flint—leans on a ftump,  
Aff gaed the fhot wi' thunerin' thump,  
An after't Rabby rufhes.

But when he faw (guides ! how he ftood)  
His ain Sow weltering in her blude,  
An' fticks in anguish tearing !  
Her deean squeels maift rung him deaf,  
He hung his head in filent grief,  
And wander'd hamewards fwearing.

CALLAMPHITRE'S ELEGY.

**A**TTEND, ye squads o' Wabsters a',  
Whare'er may be your byding,  
Whether ye hing owre Muslins braw,  
Or sonfier Sacks, or Plaiding ;  
Ye've lost a Patriarch an' mair,  
Whase crown Death's lang been cloorin',  
An' I'se relate the haill affair,  
Though baith my een be pourin'  
Wi' grief this day.

There liv'd a Carle near a glen,  
Fouk CALLAMPHITRE ca'd him,  
Wha saw lang finty year an' ten,  
Ere ever trouble ga'd him ;  
He at the sowing-brod was bred,  
An' wrought gude Serge an' Tyken,  
An' mony an aul' wife's nest he clad  
Fu' bra'ly to their liking,  
An' snug that day.

Whare highlan' hills, out thro' the cluds,  
 Lift up their snawy rigging,  
 Beside a glen, atween twa wuds,  
 Stood his bit lanely bigging :  
 Nae pridefu' plaister't bield, wi' staps  
 Plann'd out wi' square or tether ;  
 But stanes, rowt up on ithers taps,  
 Co'ert owre wi' hardy heather,  
 And turfs, that day.

His loom, made o' stout aiken rungs,  
 Had fair't him saxty fimmer,  
 Tho' his lang Lay, wi' fearfu' fungs,  
 Shook a' the roofing tim'er.  
 As foon's braw day-light clear't the lift,  
 He raise, an' waukent Jennock,  
 Laid owre his leg, an' till't like drift,  
 Till moon-light thro' his winnock  
 Shone late at night.

His banes were like a Horse's strang,  
 His tusks like Bear's or Shark ;  
 An' foul a brither o' the gang,  
 Wad dung him at his wark.  
 He wad ha'e roar'd like ony Nowt,  
 When he o' pirns grew scanty,



Till ance the hirpling pining gout  
Swall't baith his legs unhaunty,  
Like beams, that day.

But, waes my heart! anither ill  
On him spue't out its venom,  
An' a' the Doctors drogs, or skill,  
Nae ease, alake! cou'd len him;  
It wrung his vera faul, poor chiel!  
Wi' grips beneath his navel,  
Whilk made him roar, an' girn, an' squeel,  
As he had seen a devil,  
Or Ghaist, that day.

Alangst a sack, ha'f fu' o' strae,  
Beneath an aul' gray co'ering,  
Wi' face grim pale, an' lips right blae,  
He lay, maist at the smo'ering.  
He fan Death's fearfu' grapple airns,  
An' that he coudna free them,  
Sae gasped out "O bring my bairns,  
That I for ance may see them,  
This waefu' day."

Wi' yowlin' clinch aul' Jennock ran,  
Wi' fa'r like ony brock,

To bring that *remnant o' a man*,  
Her foistest brither Jock.

As soon's she reekt the sooty bield,  
Whare Labrod he sat cockin ;

" Come down," she cry'd, " you lump o' eild,  
His vera guts he's bockan  
In blude, this day."

Down gaed the wark-looms—out he struts,  
Wi' dreadfu' fright, a' sweating,  
While Mirran, wi' her shoelin' cloots,  
Ran, yellochan an' greeting.

As soon's they to the house came in,  
An' saw that he was deean,  
They stood a while, baith deaf an' blin'  
While down the tears came fleean  
In show'rs that day!

At length aul' Callam gied a glowre,  
An' said, " May God be wi' ye!  
Death's maunt at last to ding me owre,  
An' I'll soon ha'e to lea' ye.  
Some *sinfu' clues*, the last aboon,  
Ye'll fin, row't in a blanket"—  
Syne gied a fearfu', dreary croon,  
An' aff for aye he shanket  
Wi' Death that day.

O dool ! whane'er they saw him gane,  
They rais'd a lamentation ;  
An' yells, an' fabs, and mony a grane,  
Declar'd their deep vexation.  
" Lord help us' a' ! he'll e'en be mift,"  
Quo' Jock, as up they bore him.  
Sae a' three streek't him on a kift,  
An' waefully did co'er him.  
Wi' a claith that day.

O Mirran ! dinna rive yer hair,  
An' wi' sic vengeance yelp fae ;  
My heart is for you a' right fair,  
But deed I canna help ye.  
Hech, see ! they've borne him to yon brae,  
An' aff the mortclaith furl'd,  
An' in a hole they've let him gae,  
Syne yird and ftanes down hurl'd,  
Wi' spades this day.

Some said, he was a camfheugh bool,  
Nae yarn nor rapes cou'd haud him,  
Whan he got on his fleesome cowl,  
But may-be they misca'd him.  
While Jennock tun't the winles' blade  
An' waft in lapfu's left her,



Frae's nieves the spool, like light'ning fled,  
And raps cam thunerin' after,  
Like death that day.

But now nae mair he'll bless their bield,  
Wi' gabby cracks an' stories ;  
He fell a prey to runkly Eild,  
An's trampit aff afore us.  
Let ilka shop his praises roar,  
In melancholious metre,  
An' at the hin-er-en' o' ilk bore,  
Mourn out, O CALLAMPHITRE !  
Thou'rt dead this day !

A N

E P I S T L E,

TO MR. E\*\*\*\*\*. P\*\*\*\*\*.†

O Thou wha 'midst lang yellow ranks  
O' gowans, on sweet Cartha's banks,  
Row't in a skinklan plaid,  
Soun's loud the Scottish Muse's horn,  
Aneath some spreadan eldren thorn,  
An maks the herdies glad ;  
While lads an' laughin' lasses free  
Chirt in to hear thy sang,  
Will EBEN let a chiel like me  
Join wi' the chearfu' thrang?  
A wee while, in auld stile,  
On Pegafus I'll scribe,  
Sae tent me, an' canty  
I soon fal tak my leave.

† Author of a Volume of Poems.

This ha'f a year yer funny tales,  
 Owre moffes, mountains, seas an' dales  
 I've carried i' my lingle ;  
 An' scores o' times, in kintra tafts,  
 They've gart the fouk maist rive their chafts,  
 Whan owre a bra' peat ingle,  
 I loot them hear droll Symon's crack,  
 Wi' Hodge, twa curious cronies,  
 How the queer carles fae camsheugh spake  
 'Bout pouter't cokernonies.  
 Young Jenny an' Nannie,  
 An Meg wad laught thegither,  
 Sly sneeran an' fwearan,  
 " Od, that's just like our father."

Whan *Aul' Joanna i' the Brae*,  
 Or *Bonny Bell*, and mony mae  
 They hear me try to tout ;  
 Or when poor *Brownie* tells his tale,  
 How he was maist kidnapped hale,  
 Blude drappan frae his snout :  
 When *Ton Spat's* fearfu' fa' ye mourn,  
 In simple hammart croon,  
 Nae mair to get a needfu' turn  
 Aneath its biggin' doon :



L—d help me ! they yelp me,  
Wi' laughin' near han' deaf,  
While fweatin' an' greetin'  
I turn the tither leaf.

“ Preserves ! ” says Jean, an' stops her wheel,  
“ An' do ye really ken the chiel !  
An' whar-a'wa's his dwellin' ? ”  
“ I'd gang,” quo' Meg, “ a simmer day  
To get ae glint o'm in my way,  
Tho' I foud spen a shilling.”  
Out granes aul Grannie frae the neuk,  
Whare, at the rock she's rivan,  
“ Vow Sirs ! an' did he mak the beuk  
Just out his ain contrivin !  
Whare-e'er he's I'm sure he's  
A minister, or mair ;  
Sic stories, fae curious,  
Wad tak a man o' lear.”

But, EBEN, thinkna' this but clatter,  
An' that I tell't, for fau't o' matter,  
To lengthen out a crack,  
Its what I've heard a hun'er times  
The fouk exclaim, wha read your rhymes,  
Or may I burn my Pack.

Wi' chieles o' taste, an' genius baith,  
 I aften hae forgather't;  
 An war I to relate their breath  
 O' you, ye'd say I blether't.  
 Wi' leisure, an' pleasure,  
 I've seen them aft read owre,  
 While strokes o' wit, wi' ready hit,  
 Gart aft the reader glowre.

For me, when I begin to read  
 About aul' honest Harry dead;  
 Beneath the yird laid stieve in,  
 Or the bauld brooze o' wasps an' bees,  
 Whilk had set Allan in a bleeze,  
 Had the auld Bard been livin';  
 Or that, which scorns the bounds o' rhyme,  
 Fate, sung in lofty strains,  
 Owre whulk I've grutten mony a time  
 An' blest ye for yer pains.  
 Whan these, an' a thousan'  
 Mae beauties strike my e'e,  
 Inspired, I'm fired  
 Wi' won'rous thoughts o' thee.

Let senseless critics roun' ye squeel,  
 An' aul' like ony empron eel,

Wi' want o' taste, or spite;  
 Nane e'er gat fame in's native spat,  
 The vera haly Beuk says that,  
 But let them girn an' flyte.  
 While I can douk in ink a quill  
 An' blether rhyme or prose;  
 While spoons an' ladles help to fill  
 My kyte, wi' kail or brose,  
 Believe it, while I'm fit  
 The right frae left to know it,  
 I'll reverence, while blest wi' sence,  
 The Poems and the Poet.

If ever Fortune, thrawart b—h!  
 Soud kick me in misfortune's ditch,  
 A while to lie an' warfle;  
 Gif I yer fangs hae in my fab,  
 An' whyles a glafs to heet my gab,  
 An' snuff to smart my girlsle;  
 Tho' Beagles, Hornings, an' sic graith,  
 Glowre roun' they ne'er sal dread me:  
 I'll canty chant aul Harry's death,  
 While up the stair they lead me,  
 I'll roar than, I ll foar than,  
 Out thro' the vera cluds,



Tho' hung roun, an' clung roun',  
 Wi' stenchers an' wi' duds.

Owre highlan hills I've rov'd this whyle,  
 Far to the north, whare mony a mile  
 Ye'll naething see but heather ;  
 An' now-an'-than a wee bit Côt,  
 Bare, hunkerin' on some lanely spot,  
 Whare ither words they blether.  
 Laft owk there on a winnock-sole,  
 I fan some aul newspaper,  
 An tho' 'twas riv'n in mony a hole,  
 Yet, fegs, it made me caper,  
 Whan scanin't, I fan in't  
 Some rhyme I ne'er had seen,  
 How nature ilk creature  
 Maks canty, blyth, an' bien.

Ha, EBEN ! hae I catcht ye here,  
 Quo' I, in unco glee an' chear,  
 While their nainfels a' gapet,  
 An' speer't right droll, gin she was mine,  
 An' whareabouts me did her tine ?  
 (While aff the fang I clippet)  
 Some bawbies bury't a' the plea,  
 Tho' they afore war sweer o't,

Sae aff I came, in clever key,  
Resolv'd to let you hear o't ;  
Now farewel, my braw chiel,  
Lang tune the reed wi' spirit ;  
Let affes spit clafhes,  
Fools canker aye at merit.

E P I G R A M.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

**I**F cares can quench the Poet's fire,  
And damp each chearful-rising thought,  
Make W——n drooping drop the Lyre,  
Ere he perhaps a theme has sought ;

Sure, if there liv'd a friendly swain,  
Mild, merry, generous to the poet ;  
Inspiring joy, expelling pain,  
To please inclin'd, and kind to show it.

Can words tell how my heart wou'd leap,  
How throb to meet a swain so true !  
Exclaim you, with affection deep,  
“ Lives such a swain ? ”—he lives in you.



E P I S T L E

TO MR. W\*\*\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*\*.

*Leadhills, April —*

**H**AIL! kind, free, honest-hearted fwain,  
My ne'er forgotten frien',

Wha aft has made me, since wi' pain

We parted, dight my e'en;

Ance mair frae aff a lanely plain,

Whare Warlocks wauk at e'en,

An' witches dance, I'll raise my strain

Till to your bield bedeen

It found this day.

Wide muirs that spread wi' purple sweep,

Beneath the funny glowe;

E e

Hills swell'd vast here—there dark glens deep,  
 Where brooks embosom'd rowe ;  
 Cots hingin' owre the woody steep,  
 Biolds reekin' frae the howe,  
 Wild scenes like these, a blisfu' heap,  
 Has driven't in my powe  
 To write this day.

Be this thy last, my Muse, and swear  
 By a' that e'er thou sung,  
 'Till Mitchell's chearfu' sang thou hear,  
 To chain thy tuneless tongue—  
 Its sworn ! I saw her frowning rear  
 Her arm, an' while it hung  
 Aloft in air, glens that lay near,  
 An' rocks re-echoing rung  
 Consent this day.

Yet wha can, daunerin' up thir braes,  
 No fin' his heart a' dancin',  
 While Herdies sing wi' huggert taes,  
 An' wanton lams are prancin' ;  
 Or down the spreadin' vale to gaze,  
 Where glitt'rin' burns are glancin',  
 An' sleepin' lochs, owre whase smooth face  
 Wild fowl sport the expanse in,  
 Ilk bonny day.

Here mountains raise their heath'ry backs,

Rang'd huge aboon the lift,

In whase dark bowels, for lead tracts,

Swarm'd miners howk an' sift;

High owre my head the sheep in packs,

I see them mice-like skift,

The herd, maist like anes finger, wauks

Aboon yon fearfu' clift

Scarce seen this day.

Here mills rin thrang, wi' whilk in speed

They melt to bars the ore in;

Nine score o' fathoms shanks down lead,

To let the hammerin' core in,

Whare hun'ers for a bit o' bread

Continually are borin';

Glowre down a pit you'd think, wi' dread,

That gangs o' deils war roarin'

Frae h— that way.

Alangst the mountain's barren side,

Wi' holes an' caverns digget,

In lanely raws, withouten pride,

Their bits o' huts are bigget;

Nae kecklin' hens about the door,

E'er glad their chearless Lucky,



They pick the pyles o' leaden ore,  
Whilk to poor heedless chucky  
Is death that day \*.

A wimplan burn atween the hills,  
Thro' mony a glen rins trottin',  
Amang the stanes an' funny rills  
Aft bits o' gowd are gotten ;  
Thought I " Three yeer thro' clofs an' trance,  
An' doors I've been decoy't,  
Now fortune's kuffen me up a chance,  
An' fegs I fal employ't  
Right thrang this day."

Sae up the burn, wi' glee I gade,  
An' down aboon some heather,  
Saft on the brae my pack I laid,  
Till twa-three lumps I'd gather ;  
But wae-be-till't, had I foreseen  
Things war to turn fae doolfu',  
I ne'er had waded there fae keen,  
Tho' fure to fin a shoolfu'  
An' mair that day.

\* The truth of this has been often fatally experienced by the inhabitants of these wild mountains.

As thro' the stream, wi' loutin' back,  
Thrang, stanes an' sand I threw out,  
A Toop, who won'ert at my pack,  
Cam down to take a view o't;  
A tether-length he back did gae,  
An' cam w' sic a dash,  
That hale-fale hurlan' down the brae,  
It blatter't wi' a blash  
I'the burn that day!

Tho' earthquakes, hail an' thun'er's blaze  
Had a' at ance furroundet,  
I wudna' glowr't wi' sic amaze,  
Nor been ha'f fae confoundet!  
Wi' waefu' heart, before it fank,  
I haul't it out a' elafhing,  
And now they're bleaching on the bank,  
A melancholy washing  
To me this day.

TO DR. ———

WRITTEN WHEN SICK.

**W**HEN dread Disease assaults our trembling  
breath,

Wrings every nerve, and paves the way for death,  
Raves thro' our vitals, merciless to save,  
Boils in each vein, and points us to the grave;  
Rack'd with the pain, despairing at the view,  
We fly for help to pitying Heaven and you.

Oft have I thought, while health flow'd in my  
breast,

Ere sleepless nights my weary heart oppress,  
That should pale Sicknes sternly me invade  
I'd scorn her rage, if T——r lent his aid.  
Rous'd at the name, lo! disappointed Death,  
In vain wild-wrenching to dislodge the breath,



Starts from the lonely couch—grasps up his dart,  
And fullen-shrinking owns thy healing art.

Amid those numbers that implore your care,  
That hope, by you, sweet health again to share,  
Here I unhappy stand, with sadness prest,  
And pin'd by ills that bind my lab'ring breast;  
But should these woes that now I'm forc'd to bear,  
Fly from your touch, and with them ev'ry fear;  
Should your blest skill expunge this threat'ning pain,  
And I resume my former health again,  
This grateful heart your goodness shall revere  
Next that almighty God, whose hand you are.

## THE RAKE.

## AN EPIGRAM.

**T**HOU' Florio revell'd, subtile as a fox,  
 Thrice in six weeks poor Florio caught a p—x;  
 The next six weeks brought weeping to his door,  
 Three pregnant wenches and a brimstone wh—re.  
 Mad at the sight, and tortur'd with the evil,  
 He drove the black assembly to the devil.  
 Well, here his griefs would end? Ah! piteous tale,  
 Six following weeks beheld him in a Jail;  
 The next six saw him, ere their time flew by,  
 Roar, curse, blaspheme, pine, mortify and die.

Blest had'st thou been, O Florio! blest indeed!  
 Nor yet condemn'd among the common dead,  
 Had fate with-held (to lengthen out thy days)  
 Such fierce temptations from thy eager gaze,  
 And gracious giv'n thee, to escape this trick,  
 A longer Patience.

## E U S E B U S,

## A REAL CHARACTER.

*I hate the man who builds his fame  
On ruins of another's name.——*

GAY.

**E**USEBUS, fond a Patriot to commence,  
With self-conceit supplies his want of sense.  
In Power an idiot, striving still to rise;  
Tho' void of wisdom, arrogantly wise.  
A slander fond from whispering lips to steal,  
And fonder still those whispers to reveal.  
Amid a group of tattling matrons set,  
How flows his eloquence! how beams his wit!  
With dark suspicion struck, he shakes the head,  
Just hints what *some folk* were, what *some folk* did;  
For nought delights him more than others woe;  
To see them fall, or strive to lay them low.

F f



In wide extremes his judgment loves to dwell ;  
 If not in heav'n, you'll find it squat in hell :  
 Though long each station seldom he can keep,  
 Yet, when he shifts, he does it at a leap.  
 If Spring, more mild than usual, sweet appear,  
 To wake the herbs, and bless the op'ning year,  
 With words like these our ears eternal ring,  
 " Did ever mortal see so blest a Spring !"

But when rude frost, or chearless rains descend,  
 When light'nings flash, and roaring thunders rend ;  
 He hears the storm, and, pale with boding fear,  
 Declares that great, tremendous period near,

For storms like these no soul did ever hear.

Thrice blest are they who gain him as their friend,  
 Their matchless fame shall far and near extend ;  
 They're *Saints*, they're *Angels*, but, his friendship o'er,  
 They're poor, curst, vile, a villain, or a wh---e.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. J—K—.

*Crail\*, January—*

**N**AE doubt ye'll glowre whane'er ye leuk,  
A n' see I'm maist at Scotland's neuk,  
Whare owre the waves black fwarms o' deuk  
Soom far an' near,  
And laden't ships to try their luck,  
For Holland steer.

And let them gang, for me—nae mair  
My luck I'll try at selling ware,  
I've sworn by a' aboon the air  
To quat the Pack,  
Or deed I doubt baith me an' gear  
Wad gang to wrack.

\* A small fishing town near Fife-nefs.

Three year thro' muirs an' bogs I've squattert,  
Wi' duddy claes an' huggars tatter't,  
Sleepit in barns, an' lee't an' clatter't,  
                    Thrang fellin' claith,  
An' now wi' storms I've maist been batter't  
                    An' smoor't to death.

Nor think this droll, when sic a clash  
O' snaw an' fleet, an' sic caul' trash,  
Ilk day I hae out thro' to plash,  
                    Owre muir an' brae,  
An' ablins whyles but little cash,  
                    Whilk maks ane wae.

'Twas just yestreen, as tir'd an' flaw  
I waded hame, through drifted snaw,  
Nae livin' creature, house or ha',  
                    Perceiv'd I cheary,  
But muir an' mountain, glen an' shaw,  
                    War sad an' dreary.

Mirk fell the night, an' frae the waft  
Loud roar't the bitter-biting blast,  
The blatterin' hail, right fell an' fast,  
                    O'erfcourg'd my face;  
While owre the drifted heaps I past  
                    Wi' weary pace.



As down a knowe my way I hel';  
Nane wi' me but my lanely fel',  
Whistlin' fu' blyth, trowth, Sir, to tell  
The mournfu' truth,  
Down thro' a wreathe o' snaw I fell,  
Maist to the mouth.

As foon's I fan' I yet was livin',  
I rais'd my e'en, wi' doolfu' grieving,  
Gude fegs! I wish I'd yet been weavin';  
For deed I doubt,  
Sae deep I'm down an' wedg'd fae stive in,  
I'll ne'er win out.

But out at last I maunt to speel,  
Far mair than e'er I thought atweel,  
Roun' for my Pack I straicht did feel,  
But de'il-be-licket  
I fan' or saw,—quo' I, farewel,  
For death I'm pricket.

This is the last, the snellest lick  
That I'll e'er get frae fortune's stick;  
Now she may lift a stane, or brick,  
An' break my back,  
Since her an' Cloots has plann'd this trick  
To steal my Pack!

To keep you, Sir, nae mair uneasy,  
I'll tell you what, may-hap, will please ye,  
I gat my Pack, quo' I, I'fe heeze ye  
Frae out the snaw,  
Nae de'il in a' the pit fal seize ye,  
Till I'm awa'——

But I maun stop, for dull an' dozin',  
The glimmerin' wintry e'ening flows in,  
The short-liv'd day his reign is losin'  
The scene to shift,  
An' Natures' winnock-brods are closin'  
Acroß the lift.

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Fifel

E P I T A P H

ON AULD JANET.

*A Wh——e's a pitfal, and a Seold's a rod,  
An honest Wife's a noble work of God.*

CLEAN dead an' gane—beneath this stane  
Aul' Janet lies, o' Torry \*,  
Life warm'd her blude, an' hale she stood  
Till time saw her right hoary.

Weel lo'ed by a', she gaed fu' braw,  
Clean, snod an' wondrous gawfey;  
A sonfier dame, or sappier wame,  
Ne'er hotcht alangst the cawfey.

Her blythsome bield, to ilka chield  
Wha bare a Pack, was fenny,

\* Torryburn, a small coast town at the western extremity of  
Tifeshire.



Whare safe an' soun, they might lie down,  
Syne rise an' pay their penny;

Till spitefu' death clos'd up her breath,  
An' a' our daffin hum'elt;  
For, thro' the head, he shot her dead,  
An' down poor Janet tum'elt.

Ye Pedlars now, O mournfu' view!  
This stane rear'd by a brither,  
And as ye pass, greet owre the grafs  
That co'ers your auld kind mither;

For me (O deer! the waefu' tear  
Starts at the dismal story)  
I'll gar ilk vale fad echoing wail,  
That Janet's dead o'Torry.

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E P I S T L E,

TO MR. W\*\*\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*\*.

**W**HILE ye nod on the weaver's throne,  
Porin' wi' sharp inspection,  
Or, in a freak, wi' Lassies bonny,  
Skip round in supple action;  
Or maybe wi' a bosom crony,  
Kick up a funny faction,  
Accept this as a testimony  
Of my sincere affection  
For you this day.

In fact, my frien', I wad hae writ,  
Lang ere this time wi' pleasure,  
But *something* touch'd aye on my fit,  
An' bade me tak' my leisure.

G g

Yon Callan's sic a pawky wit,  
Gif he but mak a seizure  
O' ae daft word, ye'll get a skit  
Will ring your head as bees war  
In't, thick this day.

Sae aft the pen I laid aside,  
Wi' this bugbear reflection,  
As aft my heart wad fairly chide  
Me for the harsh objection;  
Till just the day, within I staid,  
And band wi' baul affection,  
Tho' ye fud cut an' ga' my hide  
Wi' critical dissection,  
I'd write this day.

Sae paper, pen, an' ink I got,  
An' down to wark I fet me,  
And soon a lengthen'd sang I wrote,  
For mirth the lines did mete me.  
I sey'd anes to cast off my coat,  
The thoughts o't had fae het me,  
But, as my brain was on the trot,  
The hurry wadna let me  
Tak time this day.



Aweel, whane'er I got it doon,  
I took a canny view o't,  
Where notes raise towrin' to the moon,  
That, troth, I scarcely knew it.  
'Twas set to sic a skirlin' tune,  
I heartily did rue it,  
And least ye sud e'en laugh owre soon,  
Dash i'the fire I threw it  
Wi' rage that day.

Yet still resolv'd something to sen',  
I didna stan' to fwithier,  
But duket i'the ink my pen,  
An' so began anither.  
Nae Poetry, but just the ken  
O' Scotland, my auld mither,  
In hopes I wadna you offen',  
By jinglin' it thegither  
In rhyme this day.

Ye ken ye sang auld Harry's fate,  
An' deed it was e'en curious,  
Whan at the fire he hunker't late,  
An' croon'd a Prayer spurious;  
As, " L—d, sen' us aye garfe an' meat,  
Till ance thou skin an' bury us ;"

Syne turn'd his fish, or sent a sklatè  
Out thro' the winnock, furious,  
At chiels, that night.

I ne'er cou'd gab prodigious pert,  
An' flatterin phrasing gi'e you,  
An' laugh, an' sing, an' crack sae smart,  
Syne wi' dame Fortune lea' you.  
But cou'd you keek into this heart,  
That jumps aye when I see you,  
Ye'd fin' a faul could gladly part  
Its hinmaist bannock wi' ye,  
On ony day.

Blyth wad I be to shake your han',  
Gif matters wad allow me,  
But Fortune's ta'en a slippery stan',  
An' leuks right fullen to me.  
Yet aftentimes the morning's dawn,  
Hangs cloudy, dull and gloomy,  
Till Sol dispels the misty ban',  
An' shines bright, warm an' roomy,  
A bonny day.

My compliments I hope ye'll gi'e  
To garrulous Rab G——y ;

Tell him, I trust he bears the gree,  
Aye dadlin' poor an' hearty ;  
Altho' I fear the barley bree,  
An' roving blades fae quirty,  
May gar him spread his wings an' flee,  
An' lea' his nest right dirty,  
Like mae yon day.

Now gi'es yer hand, and fare-ye-weel,  
Kind, honest-hearted Willy !  
Aye whan I meet a canty chiel,  
It minds me o' the billy,  
Wha aften us'd, wi' heart fu' leel,  
To shew his wond'rous skillie,  
An' made our vera hearts to reel,  
Whan owre a pint or gillie,  
For joy that day.

Lang may thou weather't out-an'-in,  
Without a drog or plaister,  
An' may thou tune the violin,  
Aye sweeter an' aye faster ;  
An' swell an' sink the notes fae keen,  
Wi' gracefu' air an' gesture,  
Till An'rew lift his hands an' een,  
An' own that Will's his master,  
By night or day.



TO THE CURIOUS.

**W**HAT Samson embrac'd, when revenge for his  
eyes,

Provok'd the huge Warrior to tumbledown legions,  
What oft, thro' the night, from some ruin'd church  
cries,

Harsh-voic'd as a native of Pluto's pale regions ;

The Female whose folly all mankind impeach,

That e'er she was form'd to embitter enjoyment,  
The little emphatical main-spring of Speech,  
Whose pleasure is toil, and whose ease is employ-  
ment ;

Pick out the initials of each of their names,

Add his who destroy'd, and then bow'd down to  
Witches ;

Which done, a known title your notice then claims,  
Of a parcel of poor, insignificant wretches.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. W\*\*\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*\*.

**D**EAR Willy, now I've ta'en the pen,  
Wi' lightsome heart, to let you ken  
I'm livin' yet and weel;  
Tho' cuft and dauded gayan fair,  
Since last I left that luckless A—,  
Thro' mony a moor an' fiel'.  
Misfortunes, on ilk ithers backs,  
Come roaring whyles aroun' me;  
For comfort to the *blue* I rax,  
Or ablins they might drown me,  
What fights, man, what frights, man,  
Are Pedlar's doom'd to thole,  
Aye chaunerin an' daunerin'  
In eager search for cole ‡.

‡ A cant word for money.

But let us cease this heartless fang,  
 An', gin ye binna unco thrang,  
 I'll here lay down my pack,  
 Tho' miles in scores atween us lie,  
 An' hills an' seas, yet haith we'll try  
 Out owre them a' to crack.  
 Dame Fortune, thou may hing thy brow,  
 An' girn wi' threat'nin' een;  
 I carena a' thy spite, since now,  
 At last, I've fun a frien'.  
 Let misers owre treasures  
 O' goud an' filler croon;  
 A blessing like this ane  
 Gangs never, never doon.

While youth and health inspires our blood,  
 In innocent and sprightly mood,  
 We'll cheat the cares of life;  
 By friendship fowthert into ane,  
 We'll be as firm, as stark again,  
 To stan' the warly strife;  
 An' when flee Love's endearing dart  
 Inflames our glowan veins,  
 We'll thowe the bonny Lassies heart  
 In fast complaining strains;



Nae sorrows, before us,  
 Sal drive us to despair,  
 Tho' carefu', yet chearfu'  
 We'll hug the smiling Fair.

But if, alas! it hap that e'er  
 A flaw in friendship shou'd appear,  
 Thro' Passion, or mistake,  
 Oh! never, never let us part,  
 Wi' hate or envy in our heart,  
 Curst, base revenge to take;  
 But strive, wi' kind relenting speech,  
 Upo' the vera spot,  
 To men' the mournfu' luckless breach,  
 An' firm the slacken'd knot:  
 Then langer, an' stranger,  
 Our friendship shall remain,  
 Aye down, an' glowin,  
 Without a crack or stain.

An' when frail eild (if e'er we see't)  
 Sal gi'e us stils instead o' feet,  
 An' shake our hingan pows,  
 We'll hotch awa' wi' friendly grane,  
 And fofs down on yon sinny stane,  
 Amang the broomy knows;

H h

An' soon's our hechs, an' heys are by,  
 An' baith our rungs laid down,  
 An' we twa streekit, beekin lie,  
 Auld, runkly-fac'd an' brown,  
 The sporting, the courting,  
 We had, when we war young,  
 An' wonders, in hunders,  
 Sal gallop frae our tongue.

Perhaps Rab G——y's auld gray pate,  
 Of dark unfathom'd sence the seat,  
 May join the social gab;  
 Nae common stilt maun fill his nieve,  
 But, by his honour's size an' leave,  
 I'd here propose a stab,  
 His vera height, an' on the hilt,  
 A gawfy mason's mell,  
 To puzzle fouk, whilk is the stilt,  
 Or whilk is Rab himsel,  
 The Carle, I'm sure he'll  
 No hae his tale to seek,  
 Aye puffin, or stuffin,  
 Wi' ugsome chews, his cheek.

An epitaph I ance had made,  
 To put on Rab, whan he was dead,

But war't to do again,  
 His pardon begging, for sic fun,  
 This motto I'd hae neatly done,  
 Upon the waefu' stane :  
 " Here lies a corpse, that ance cou'd fay,  
 (What feldom carcase can)  
 Tho' here I rot, pale stinking clay,  
 I ance contain'd a man,  
 Sae stern ey'd, sae learned,  
 That Death's arm fwitherin' hung,  
 Till chance by, he lanc'd my  
 Hale faul frae out my tongue."

My frien', tho' fortune, partial flut !  
 Still holds you in a toilsome hut,  
 Yet, if I don't mistake,  
 Your modest merit will you raise,  
 An' fortune smile yet in your face,  
 Your tuneful pow'rs to wake.  
 How often hae I at yer feet,  
 In deepest silence lain,  
 While from the strings, harmonious sweet,  
 You sent the warbling strain ;  
 Ev'n now man, I vow man,  
 I think I hear you singing,  
 The ferly, sae rarely,  
 Sets baith my lugs a ringing.



Adieu, my kind, my wordy chield;  
 Lang may ye hae a cozie bield  
 To screen frae winter's cauld;  
 May time yet see you wi' a wame,  
 As fat as J——'s sonfy dame,  
 Till thretty year thrice tauld;  
 An' gin we live to see that date,  
 As, fegs, I hope we will,  
 Tho' ye, to gang, hae tint the gate,  
 Yet we sal hae a gill.

Fu' cheary, I'll rear ye,  
 And 'neath my burden bend,  
 And show fouk, without joke,  
 What its to hae a friend.

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V E R S E S

T O

A S T A T I O N E R,

WITH AN EMPTY INK-GLASS.

**A** Present perhaps ye'll conclude this to be,  
But open't and keek down the brink—  
Surpris'd ye're nae doubt at a message fae wee,  
A dorty bit bottlie for ink.

Yet sma' tho' it seem, 'tis a manifest truth,  
That Castles frae out o't hae risen,  
An' claughins, an' mountains, maun start frae its  
mouth,  
An' Critics in mony a stern dozen.

Then since sic a terrible squad's to be drawn,  
Siccan thrangs o' corruption an' evil ;  
Let the liquor, gude Sir, that ye sen' owre the lawn,  
Be as smooth, an' as black as the d—l.

O D E.

*Spring returns, but youth no more——*

ANON.

**L** OUD roaring Winter now is o'er,  
And Spring returns with fragrance sweet ;  
The Bee sips nectar from each flow'r,  
And frisking lambs on hillocks bleat ;

The little birds chant on each bough,  
And warbling Larks, ascending, sing,  
Chearful, amid the sun's bright glow,  
They sweep around with sportive wing.

How pleasant, now, abroad to rove,  
To view the fruit-trees as they bloom ;  
To pull the flow'rs that deck each grove,  
Or wander thro' the yellow broom.

Yet midst the pleasures we enjoy,  
What painful cares harass our breast,



Ah ! were we freed from this annoy,  
How peaceful calm our minds would rest.

The shady bow'rs, the waving woods,  
With seeming joy we may explore ;  
Stand list'ning to the falling floods,  
Yet still that weight increaseth more.

Oh ! when will come that happy day,  
When all-perplexing care will fly ?  
Ne'er till we pass the *narrow way*,  
And dart triumphant thro' the sky.

O D E.

**N**OW Night, her star-enamell'd robe,  
O'er half the dreary darken'd globe,  
In solemn state has hung ;  
Lone now the distant murm'ring flood,  
And lone the thicket, grove and wood,  
Where warblers lately sung.

The distant town, behind yon steep,  
Now silent lies, and sunk in sleep,  
Dark, solitary, sad ;  
No voice, no sound can reach my ear,  
Save shepherd's dogs who haply hear  
The Midnight traveller's tread.

Amid this calm, this silence deep,  
I wander forth to sigh, to weep,  
And breathe my hopeless flame,

To rocks and woods I still complain,  
To woods and rocks, alas! in vain  
I sigh Matilda's name.

O Love! thou dear, distracting bliss,  
Assist my bosom to express  
Those pains, those joys I feel;  
Joy, that enraptures while I gaze,  
And pain, that tortures, while the blaze  
Of love I must conceal.

Sweet is her form, her features meek,  
And bright the crimson of her cheek  
Beyond the roses glow.  
Hers is the heart, with softness blest,  
And hers each worth that warms the breast  
Of innocence below.

But, ah! for ever we must part!  
Forget her then, thou throbbing heart,  
Nor idly thus complain.  
Truth, prudence, reason, all can teach  
That, *Happiness, which mocks our reach,*  
*But aggravates our pain.*



T H E  
S U I C I D E.

—————*Dreadful attempt !  
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage  
To rush into the presence of our Judge ;  
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,  
And matter'd not his wrath——*

BLAIR.

**Y**E hapless sons of mis'ry and of woe,  
Whose days are spent with heart-distressing  
care,  
Who seem the sport of ruthless fate below,  
Still lab'ring hard, and still, as winter, bare ;  
Tho' rough the path, tho' weighty be the share  
Of nameless ills, that press you ever down ;  
Oh ! never, never yield to dire despair,  
Or think your griefs intolerable grown :  
Each has his secret load, and each must feel his own.

## II.

Is pale Disease, is Poverty your lot?  
 Or, are you doom'd to some obscure employ?  
 Does mankind rate your merits by your coat;  
 Or burns your breast by Love's distracting Boy?  
 Yet still reflect what blessings you enjoy;  
 Returning Health again may flush your face,  
 Glad Plenty smile—your toils forget to cloy,  
 And Celia blush amid your chaste embrace,  
 Then men shall see you deck'd with every worth and  
 grace.

## III.

Be wisely calm, and brave the adverse storm;  
 Let Hope to happier times direct your fight;  
 Tho' mis'ries stare, in many a threat'ning form,  
 Hope flacks their jaws, and mitigates their bite:  
 And tho' the present scene be black as night,  
 Trust me, your hopes shall not be long in vain;  
 For oft, tho' Pain put Pleasure to the flight,  
 Yet Pleasure still dethrones the tyrant Pain,  
 And soothes the weary soul to peace and joy again.

## IV.

Unhappy they whose each returning morn  
 Is fill'd with sad complaints and curses dire;

Fate ever frowns, and still they are forlorn,  
 If each thing move not with their wild desire.  
 'Gainst righteous Heav'n, with furious looks of fire,  
 They rave, blaspheme, and roll in blackest sin,  
 Till driv'n by mad despair and hopeless ire,  
 To poison, dagger, or th' engulphing lin,  
 Unworthy heav'n or earth, hell yawns to take them in.

## V.

Lone Night had lull'd the drousy world asleep,  
 And cloudy darkness wrapt the midnight sky,  
 Scarce thro' the gloom the stars were seen to peep,  
 This moment bright, then muffled from the eye ;  
 The distant Bittern's solemn-founding cry,  
 The breeze, that sigh'd along the rustling grove,  
 The hasty brook, that ceaseless murmur'd by,  
 Compos'd my thought, as forth I went to rove,  
 To sing Matilda's charms, and mourn my hopeless love.

## VI.

As near a thicket's shade I pensive stood,  
 The black trees waving solemnly around,  
 Sudden I heard a rushing thro' the wood,  
 And near me pass'd, along the dew-wet ground,  
 A human form ; its head with white was bound,  
 While loose its ruffled hair flew in the breeze ;  
 A dagger fast it grasp'd ; and, at each sound,



Would start, and stop, then glide among the trees,  
While slow I trac'd its steps, tho' trembl'd both my  
knees.

## VII.

Deep thro' the turnings of a darksome vale,  
Where blasted trunks hung from th' impending  
steep,  
Where oft was heard the Owl's wild dreary wail,  
Its course I follow'd, wrapt in silence deep.  
At length it paus'd, fear thro' my frame did creep,  
While still I look'd, and softly stealing near,  
Heard mournful groans, as if it seem'd to weep,  
And intervening sighs, and moanings drear,  
Till thro' the Night's sad gloom these words broke on  
my ear.

## VIII.

“Curst be the hour that to existence brought  
Me, wretched me! to war with endless woe!  
Curst be the wretch! and curst the barb'rous  
thought  
That bade me stretch the bleeding beauty low!  
Still from her breast the purple torrents flow;  
Still, still I hear her loud for mercy crave—  
See!—hark; she groans, alas! some pity shew!

For love, for heav'n! for mercy's sake! oh save!  
 No; see her mangled corse floats o'er the midnight  
 wave.

## IX.

“ O earth! O darkness! hide her from my sight:  
 Shall hell, shall furies rack me ere I die?  
 No, this shall sink me in eternal night,  
 To meet those torments that I ne'er can fly.  
 Ye yelling fiends! that now around me hie,  
 Exult and triumph in th' accursed deed;  
 Soon in your flaming gulphs ye shall me spy,  
 Despair! attend, the gloomy way to lead;  
 For what I now endure no hell can e'er exceed.”

## X.

He said; and, gazing furiously around,  
 Plung'd in his heart the dagger's deadly blade;  
 Deep, deep he groan'd; and, reeling to the ground,  
 I rush'd to rescue thro' th' entangling shade;  
 Flat on the mossy sod I found him laid,  
 And oft I call'd, and wept, and trembl'd fore;  
 But life was fled—too late all human aid:  
 And while his grasp the shining dagger bore,  
 His lifeless head lay sunk in blood and clotted gore.

# HARDYKNUTE;

OR, THE

BATTLE OF LARGS\*.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

**A** LONG the front of his high-wall'd abode,  
Deep-wrapt in thought, the stately Hero strode,  
Thro' his bold breast revolving those alarms  
That oft had rous'd and rush'd him on to arms;

\* The battle of Largs was fought on the 1st of August, 1263, between Alexander the III. king of Scotland and Haquin the V. king of Norway, in their contention for the Northern and Western Isles. Haquin had already reduced Bute and Arran; and making a descent with 20,000 men on the continent, was encountered and defeated by the Scots army at Largs in Ayrshire; upon which he retreated to his ships, and his fleet being dissipated, and in part destroyed by a tempest, he returned to the Orkneys, from whence he had made the descent, and there, after a few days illness, expired.



That thro' long seventy years would scarce allow  
 Seven years of peace, to calm his aged brow.  
 In times he liv'd, when Britons breach of faith  
 Fill'd Scotia's plains with tumult and with death;  
 Nor fail'd his sword, still to their cost to show,  
 He stood their deadly, their determin'd foe.

High on a hill's steep top his Castle stood,  
 Hung round with rocks, that frown'd above the wood,  
 The spiry turrets tow'ring thro' the sky;  
 The glittering halls, that caught the distant eye,  
 The wall's huge strength, that war could ne'er annoy,  
 Foes view'd with terror, but each friend with joy;  
 For oft, when night her murky shades o'ercaſt,  
 And laſh'd the rain, and roar'd the howling blaſt,  
 The wand'ring Knight here found a welcome home,  
 Forgot his woes, and bleſt the friendly dome.

Bold was the Chief, brave HARDYKNUTE his name,  
 And kind and courteous his endearing dame.  
 Peerleſs ſhe ſhone, for chaſtity and charms,  
 When fav'ring Fate firſt gave her to his arms.  
 Round all our ſea-beat coaſts no fair was ſeen  
 To vie with her, ſave Emergard the Queen.  
 Full thirteen ſons their nuptial bleſſings crown'd,  
 All heroes ſtout, for ſtrength of arm renown'd;

Rear'd to the field, how did their bosoms glow,  
 Thro' war's loud uproar, to pursue the foe ;  
 Till arm'd with death, and raging o'er the plain,  
 Nine nobly sunk amid th' illustrious slain.  
 Four still remain—long may they fearless wield  
 The burnish'd sword, and shake the glitt'ring shield.  
 And since their names, from shore to shore extend,  
 Since high their might, and mighty their command,  
 Still may their courage prove their bright reward,  
 Their sov'reign's glory, and their country's guard.

Tho' warlike deeds employ'd their youthful care,  
 Great was the love they bore to Fairly Fair.  
 Their sister she ; all softness, all delight ;  
 Mild as the morn, and beautiful as light.  
 Her girdle, circling round her slender waist,  
 Reveal'd a shape with fair proportion blest.  
 Adown her breast the golden ringlets stray'd,  
 And ev'ry grace adorn'd the blooming maid.  
 But, ah ! what griefs her fatal beauty bred !  
 What streams of tears have for these charms been shed,  
 To young and old, to ev'ry friend unblest'd,  
 And sad, as hist'ry's page has e'er express'd.

Bright summer now roll'd on in splendid blaze,  
 And o'er the fields diffus'd his genial rays,

When Norway's King, stern, insolent, and vain,  
 Proud of his pow'r, and haughty with disdain,  
 Reach'd Scotia's shores, with many a hardy knight,  
 Resolv'd for war, and burning for the fight.

The rumour spreading wide on wings of fame,  
 Soon to our Sov'reign's ear the tidings came,  
 As round the sumpt'ous board, in regal state,  
 With noble Chiefs, in brave array, he sat,  
 Circling, in glitt'ring cups, the wines' deep red,  
 Red as the blood these heroes oft had shed,  
 " To horse, to horse, my royal Liege! to horse!  
 Your daring foes, led by th' insulting Norse,  
 Croud all the strand, full twenty thousand strong,  
 Pointing their spears, in many a warlike throng."  
 " Bring me my Mage, my dapple gray, in haste,"  
 Exclaim'd our King, while starting from the feast,  
 " A steed more trusty, 'gainst attacks more steel'd,  
 Ne'er bore Scot's Chief, or Monarch, to the field.  
 And go, my Page, tell HARDYKNUTE, our prop,  
 Whose castle crowns yon rugged mountain's top,  
 To draw his sword, *that* sword foes dread to see,  
 Call up his men, and haste and follow me."

Swift flew the little Page, fleet as the dart  
 Flung from an arm to pierce some warrior's heart,



Till reach'd the ancient Dome's surrounding walls,  
 Loud from the gate thus to the Chief he calls :  
 " Come down, great HARDYKNUTE! 'tis WAR I bring,  
 Come down, my Lord, assist your injur'd king."

Fierce rose the warrior's soul—a fiery glow  
 O'erspread his cheeks, and dy'd his dark brown brow;  
 And keen his looks, and stern his visage grew,  
 As still they went in dangers great to do.  
 Loose from his side a glass-green horn he drew,  
 And five shrill sounds forth from its circle blew.  
 Wild shook the woods, the startled herds stood still,  
 And the loud echoes rang around each hill.

In manly sport his sons had spent the morn,  
 When in a vale, faint on the breezes borne,  
 They heard their father's war arousing horn. }  
 " That Horn," they solemn said, " ne'er sounds in  
 peace ;

Some nobler deeds demand our sports to cease."  
 Then up the hill they sped, with hostile fire,  
 Rush'd thro' the gate, and join'd their warlike fire.  
 The hoary Chief survey'd each dauntless face,  
 And thus address'd, with majesty and grace,  
 " Last night, my sons, I hop'd that free from strife,  
 In peace and rest I'd close my eve of life.

Well might my age this weary arm acquit  
 From martial feats, for years like yours more fit,  
 But now, since Norse, in haughty fury boasts  
 T' enslave our land, and dares t' insult our coasts,  
 Fame ne'er shall say, that HARDYKNUTE, at call,  
 E'er fear'd to fight, or gloriously to fall,

“ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy trusty bow,  
 Unerring still thy whistling arrows go ;  
 Full many a daring eye, and visage gay,  
 They've shut in death, and chang'd to palest clay,  
 Bold Thomas, take thy lance, no weapon more  
 Thy arm requires to swell the tide of gore.  
 If thro' the ranks its fury thou display,  
 As on that great, that memorable day,  
 When Westmoreland's fierce heir thy rage did feel,  
 And, trembling, own'd the terrors of thy steel.  
 Malcolm, dispatch ! thy path thou canst pursue,  
 Swift as the Stag, that flies the forest through,  
 My fearless forces, summon to the field,  
 Three thousand men, well train'd to sword and shield,  
 Bring me my Courser, harnessing and blade ;  
 (With dauntless look the aged Hero said)  
 Knew foes the hand that bears it to the fight,  
 Soon would the boldest seek inglorious flight.  
 Farewell, my dame ! for peerless good thou art ;  
 Farewell ! he said, and prest her to his heart ;

To me more fair, in age, you now appear  
 Than maids whose beauty oft hath reach'd my ear.  
 My youngest son shall with you here remain  
 To guard our tow'rs, and ease your anxious pain ;  
 Each night to shut the silver bolts, that keep  
 Your painted rooms, and watch you while asleep."  
 So spake the Chief, and, mounting, seiz'd the reins,  
 While his broad army mov'd along the plains.

O'erwhelm'd with grief, and sad foreboding woe,  
 Stood his fair spouse, to see the Warrior go ;  
 The gushing tears, a melancholy scene !  
 Bedew'd her comely cheeks and bodice green  
 Fast streaming down, uncheck'd and unconfin'd ;  
 Her filken cords, with glitt'ring silver twin'd,  
 And apron sew'd with curious diceings rare,  
 The beauteous work of her own Fairly Fair.

Mean time his march th' undaunted chief pursued,  
 O'er moors, and hills, thro' vales and many a wood,  
 Till to a grove he came, where, near the way,  
 A wounded Knight, in lonely sorrow lay,  
 Stretch'd on the grass, forlorn he seem'd and faint,  
 And, moaning deep, thus pour'd his sad complaint :  
 " Here must I lie, alas ! here must I die  
 By cruel treachery's false beguiling eye.



Fool that I was, a woman to believe,  
Whose faithless smiles were form'd but to deceive."

Him **HARDYKNUTE** surveying, thus addrest,  
(For pity still found shelter in his breast :)  
" Ah, hapless Knight ! were you my hall within,  
On softest silk your weary head to lean,  
My Lady's care would soothe that piteous moan ;  
For deadly hate was still to her unknown ;  
With kind regard she'd watch you all the day,  
Her maids thro' midnight would your grief allay,  
And Fairly Fair, with soft endearing art,  
Delight your eye, and chear your drooping heart.  
Arise, young Knight, and mount your stately steed,  
The beauteous day beams bright o'er hill and mead.  
Chuse whom you please, from midst my faithful train,  
To guide your steps along the pathless plain."  
With languid look, and cheeks in sorrow dy'd,  
The wounded Knight thus mournfully reply'd :  
" Kind, generous Chieftain ! your intent pursue,  
Here must I stay, here bid the world adieu.  
To me no future day, however bright,  
Can e'er be sweet, or fair the mildest night ;  
But soon, beneath some tree's cold dropping shade,  
My cares in death for ever shall be laid."

In vain he fought to soothe the stranger's wail,  
 With him nor tears, nor pleading cou'd prevail;  
 With fairest words brave HARDYKNUTE to gain,  
 And reason strong strove courteously in vain.

Onward again he march'd his hostile band,  
 Far o'er Lord Chattan's wide extended land;  
 When, fir'd by foes, to draw his deadly sword,  
 Immortal deeds still mark'd that worthy lord.  
 Of Pictish race, by mother's side, he came,  
 A race long glorious in the lists of Fame,  
 When Picts rul'd Caledon, and fought his aid,  
 Lord Chattan sav'd their crown, and claim'd the  
 princely maid.

Now, with his fierce and formidable train,  
 A hill he reach'd that overlook'd the plain,  
 Where, wide encamped on the dale, for fight,  
 Norse' glitt'ring army hugely lay in fight.  
 "Yonder, my valiant sons! in haughty state,  
 Those raging Robbers our arrival wait,  
 On Scotia's old, unconquer'd plains to try  
 With us their fate—be victors now or die!  
 Implore that mighty Pow'r, with pious faith,  
 Who on the Cross redeem'd our souls from death,

Then bravely shew, amid the war's fierce flood,  
Your veins still glow with Caledonian blood.  
He said, and forth his shining broad-sword drew,  
While thousands round unsheath'd in glorious view  
Blaz'd to the sun, a bright, refulgent throng,  
While loud, from wing to wing, war horns resounding  
rung.

Adown the hill, in martial pomp array'd,  
To meet his King, in haste his march he made.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

✿ *As the Author, formerly, proposed to publish this Poem  
by itself, he only inserts part of it here as a Specimen  
of the whole, which he hopes, in a short time,  
to present to the public.*

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A  
MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

*Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears  
The sound of something purring at his heels——*

BLAIR.

**M**AN toils a Pilgrim through this weary wild,  
This land of serpents, this abode of cares.  
And ah! what past, what future horrors dire,  
In grim succession, start upon his view!  
Ills, that survey'd by Fancy's staring eye,  
Swell to a size enormous, while the soul,  
O'ercome and fainting at their dread approach,  
Shrinks from herself—anticipates their pangs,  
And sinks beneath imaginary woes.

Thrice happy he! beyond expression blest!  
Who though by fate condemn'd to ceaseless toils,  
Beneath hard Fortune's bleak inclement sky,

Feels but this moment's pain ! And tho' he fees  
 Advancing clouds of ills, yet still enjoys  
 The present sunshine ; hopeful that the storm,  
 Tho' hung in blackest frowns, may soon disperse,  
 Or roll, unbroken, o'er his peaceful head.

Late through a far extended lonely moor  
 (Whose gloomy sides, and dark recesses, oft  
 Had prov'd the haunt of midnight ruffians fierce)  
 Old Ralph, benighted, trod. A Pedlar he,  
 Of honest fame ; unlike those ragged swarms,  
 That ceaseless pouring from a neighb'ring isle,  
 On Scotia's shores intrude with baggage, base  
 And undeserving as the backs that bear them :  
 But sober he and grave, and large the load  
 That lay unwieldy on his shoulders wide,  
 And stoop'd him half to earth. A Goat's rough skin  
 Inwapt the costly stores. Scissars and combs,  
 And knives, and laces long ; sharp-pointed awls,  
 And pins, arrang'd in many a glitt'ring row,  
 Strong Shetland hose, and woollen night-caps warm ;  
 Clasps, bonnets, razors, spectacles and rings,  
 With nameless more, that here the Muse forbears  
 To crowd into her strain. But what avail'd  
 This world of wealth ? That fail'd alas ! to purchase  
 A bed of straw, for its neglected owner.

From farm to farm, from cot to cot he strays,  
 Imploring shelter from th' approaching night,  
 And black suspended storm. Full oft he vow'd to leave  
 Whole rows of pins, nor crave one scanty meal.  
 Vain were his vows; and sad he trudg'd, till night,  
 Descending dreary o'er the darkening waste,  
 Conceal'd each human dwelling from his view,  
 Nor ought of sound assail'd his list'ning ear,  
 Save the wild shrieks of moor-cock from the hill;  
 Or breeze that whistled mournful o'er the heath.

The dreadful tales of Robbers' bloody deeds,  
 That oft had swell'd his theme, while nightly stretch'd  
 Beside the list'ning Peasant's blazing hearth,  
 Now crowded on his mind in all their rage  
 Of pistols, purses, stand! deliver! death!  
 Trembling he stumbled on, and ever rolled  
 His jealous eyes around. Each waving shrub  
 Doubl'd his fears, till, horrible to thought!  
 The sound of hasty steps alarm'd his ear,  
 Fast hurrying up behind. Sudden he stopt,  
 And stooping, could discern, with terror struck,  
 Between him and the welkin's scanty light,  
 A black gigantic form of human shape,  
 And formidably arm'd. Ah! who can tell  
 The horrors dread, that at this instant struck,



Ralph's frozen frame. His few gray rev'rend hairs  
 Rose bristling up, and, from his aged scalp,  
 Up-bore th' affrighted bonnet. Down he dropt  
 Beneath th' oppressive load, but gath'ring soon  
 A little strength, in desperation crawl'd  
 To reach some neighb'ring shrubs' concealing shade.

So speeds the hurrying Crab, when eager boys  
 Uprear th' incumbent stone, and bare expose  
 Himself and haunt unto the open day.

Approaching nearer to the bushes' gloom,  
 Along the heath, upon his breast, he stole,  
 With arms expanded, grasping for his hold :  
 As when to gain some Herb's inviting leaf,  
 The wary snail, supporting her own shell,  
 And stretching forth her horns, with searching care  
 Moves cautious on. Mean time, scarce had he reach'd  
 Th' o'erhanging furze, when to his startled view  
 The stalking form advanc'd. Huge, huge it seem'd,  
 And in its brawny grasp held something black;  
 A bloody sword, no doubt, of dreadful size.  
 Before the gloomy spot where Ralpus lay,  
 Frowning it stood; and look'd, and stood, and look'd;  
 And look'd, and stood!—— ———  
 As if it sought but one directing glance  
 To thunder through his heart the deadly shot.

With horror petrify'd the Pedlar lay,  
 Squat on the heath, and shook thro' every nerve,  
 Till nature giving way, with one deep groan,  
 At once his senses sunk into a swoon.  
 Happy for Ralph, I ween, that at this time,  
 The foul deserted her endanger'd clay,  
 Ere mighty cries for mercy had reveal'd  
 The spot he held, and forc'd him to resign  
 His purse, his budget, or his precious life.

How long he lay entranc'd can ne'er be told  
 By human tongue; yet this we know, that life  
 Again revisited his wan, cold corpse,  
 And trembled on his lip. The purple tide  
 Resum'd its wonted course, and to the night  
 Again he op'd his weary, languid eyes,  
 While Recollection, settling on her throne,  
 Inform'd him where he was. Around he threw  
 His fearful look upon the dreary waste,  
 Where nought was seen to stir except the bent,  
 That idly bended to the sighing blast,  
 While safe, and resting on his bruised back,  
 The bulky budget press'd him to the earth.  
 " Good heav'n be prais'd!" with lifted eyes he said,  
 " That here my budget lies, and I am safe!"  
 So said, he rose, but with him also rose

Some doubts about his safety. O'er the heath,  
 With throbbing breast, he bent his pathless way,  
 And long he trod, and oft he gaz'd around,  
 For some kind hut to shield him from the night.  
 At length, descending a rough, rocky steep,  
 A glimmering light, from some lone cottage near,  
 Beam'd on his gladden'd view. Soon to the door  
 His way he found, and, entering, could perceive  
 A group assembled round the ruddy hearth—

Bent o'er the fire a hoary Rustic hung,  
 Wrinkled with age, and seem'd as if he'd been  
 The last survivor of the former age.  
 Upon the floor, engag'd in sportive play,  
 Three prattling infants sat; while, wrapt in peace,  
 Their frugal mother ply'd the murm'ring wheel.

To her Ralph straight apply'd, and wishing peace,  
 Besought the shelter of their humble roof,  
 To rest till dawn of day his weary limbs,  
 For far, far distant from each friend he stray'd,  
 And cold and dreary was the gloomy night.

The jealous Matron for a while survey'd  
 His decent form, then, pointing to a chest,  
 While kind Compassion melted in her eye—



“ Repose (she said) your load, and freely share  
That fare and shelter we ourselves enjoy.”

Scarce had poor Ralph obey'd, and scarce sat down,  
To ponder pensive on the danger past,  
When noise announc'd some wanderer at the door,  
Soft rose the latch, and instant usher'd in  
A feeble, shiv'ring, small decrepid thing;  
One drooping hand sustain'd the pond'rous Goose,  
Whose level, burning basis oft, alas!  
Unpitying, scorches the gray wand'ring brood  
That, num'rous, lurk amid th' enclosing seams.  
A rod the other grasp'd that serv'd to explore  
His darksome path along the midnight mud,  
Nor fail'd to act a useful part by day.

A sound of joy now through the cottage rose;  
Each laughing infant ran to meet its sire  
With shouts of joy. Aside the Matron put  
Her well-worn wheel, and anxiously enquir'd  
From him the cause of his unusual stay.  
A fear-betokening, wild, expressive look  
He just return'd the partner of his cares,  
Then seating softly in his rev'rend chair,  
With solemn voice, and sighing thus began:  
“ If ever Satan visited this earth,

This night, this dreadful night, I have him seen."  
 "Heav'n be our guide!" exclaim'd the trembling wife,  
 The children crowded nearer to the hearth  
 And while the hoary Swain star'd in his face,  
 The ghostly Taylor thus his tale renew'd.

"Dark was the night ere thro' the rustling wood,  
 Groping my way, I gain'd the level moor;  
 There, as I trod along, methought I heard  
 Some rumbling noise before me on the heath,  
 As stones confin'd within a coffin make.  
 Approaching nearer, plainly I beheld  
 (If e'er these eyes were capable of sight)  
 A monstrous rolling bulk, three times as large  
 As any ox, that ever graz'd the hill;  
 Within my view it kept, till vent'ring near,  
 And stopping short to guess what it might be,  
 With two deep groans it vanish'd from my sight.

"Feeble as death I fled, and soon I reach'd  
 The Cottage on the hill; but ere my tongue  
 Could tell the sad disaster, flat I fell  
 For dead upon the floor. With much kind care  
 They brought me back to life, and these two hours  
 There pale I sat, my vigour to regain.  
 But never, never shall I e'er dispute

The dread existence of those wand'ring fiends,  
 This night these eyes have witnessed such horrors,  
 As would have terrify'd, and put to flight  
 The Priest himself, and boldest man on earth."

He ceas'd, and Ralph, with looks that sparkl'd joy,  
 Explain'd the mystery dread. A burst of mirth,  
 In laughter loud, convuls'd their ev'ry nerve,  
 Forth from his shaggy budget Ralphus drew,  
 In gleesome mood, his pipes; the swelling bag  
 Awoke the warlike yell, and founding drone,  
 The hoary swain sat smiling in his chair,  
 Up sprung the host, and flung around the floor,  
 The wondering yonksters laugh'd to see their fire,  
 And mirth and music echoed thro' the Cot.



S O N G.

Tune, *Her Sheep all in clusters.*

**Y**E dark, rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep,  
Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main,  
Here shelter me, under your cliffs, while I weep,  
And cease, while ye hear me complain;  
For distant, alas! from my native dear shores,  
And far from each friend now I be;  
And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars  
Between my Matilda and me.

How blest were the times when together we stray'd,  
While Phoebe shone silent above;  
Or lean'd by the border of Cartha's green side,  
And talk'd the whole evening of love;  
Around us all nature lay wrapt up in peace,  
Nor noise could our pleasures annoy,  
Save Cartha's hoarse brawling, convey'd by the breeze,  
That sooth'd us to love and to joy.

If haply some youth had his passion exprest,  
 And prais'd the bright charms of her face,  
 What horrors, unceasing, revolv'd thro' my breast,  
 While sighing I stole from the place.  
 For where is the eye that could view her alone,  
 The ear that could list to her strain,  
 Nor with the adorable Nymph for his own,  
 Nor double the pangs I sustain?

Thou moon! that now brightens those regions above,  
 How oft hast thou witness'd my bliss!  
 While breathing my tender expressions of love,  
 I seal'd each kind vow with a kiss.  
 Ah! then, how I joy'd, while I gaz'd on her charms!  
 What transports flew swift through my heart!  
 I press'd the dear beautiful maid in my arms,  
 Nor dream'd that we ever would part.

But now from the dear, from the tenderest maid,  
 By Fortune unfeelingly torn;  
 Midst strangers, who wonder to see me so sad,  
 In secret I wander forlorn;  
 And oft while drear midnight assembles her shades,  
 And silence pours sleep from her throne,  
 Pale, lonely, and pensive, I steal thro' the glades,  
 And sigh midst the darkness my moan.

In vain to the town I retreat for relief;  
In vain to the groves I complain;  
Belles, coxcombs, and uproar, can ne'er soothe my grief,  
And solitude nurses my pain.  
Still absent from her whom my bosom loves best,  
I languish in mis'ry and care;  
Her presence could banish each woe from my breast,  
But her absence, alas! is despair.

Ye dark, rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep;  
Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main;  
Oh! shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,  
And cease, while ye hear me complain.  
For distant, alas! from my native dear shores,  
And far from each friend now I be;  
And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars  
Between my Matilda and me.







# JOURNAL



•• Before the reader enter upon the following sheets, I think it necessary to inform him, that, signifying, some time ago, to an intimate friend, an intention I had of traversing the eastern parts of Scotland, he entreated me to keep a Journal, which, by way of amusement, and to comply with his request, I did, by committing to paper, each night, the most remarkable occurrences of the day, interspersed with such descriptions of the places, through which I passed, as the shortness of my stay would allow. On my return, a number of acquaintances having examined the scroll, expressed their approbation of it, and requested me to publish it along with the poetical pieces. With their solicitations I have now ventured to comply, in hopes that the perusal of it may be a relaxation to the reader; and, while the novelty of the incidents entertain, the truth of them may perhaps not be uninstruative.

# J O U R N A L.

*Edinburgh, Sept. 17, 1789.*

**A**S youth is the most favourable time to establish a man's good fortune in the world; and as his success in life depends, in a great measure, on his prudent endeavours and unwearied perseverance, I have resolved to make one bold push for the united interests of Pack and Poems. Nor can any one justly blame me for it, since experience has now convinced me, that the merit I am possessed of (which is certainly considerable) might lie for ever buried in obscurity, without such an attempt. I have therefore fitted up a proper budget, consisting of silks, muslins, prints, &c. &c. for the accommodation of those good people who may prove my customers—a sufficient quantity of Proposals for my poetical friends; and to prevent those tedious harangues, which otherwise I would be obliged to deliver at every threshold, I have, according to the custom of the more polite pedlars, com-



mitted the contents of my Pack to a Hand-bill, though in a stile somewhat remote from any I have yet seen \*.

Sept. 18. Departed from Edinburgh, designing to cross over to Fifeshire; changed my resolutions, and proceeded forward to Musselburgh, beneath a most oppressive load. Arrived at this place late in the evening.—Musselburgh (so called from the vast quantities of mussels that are found along the shore) is a small, though neat town, six miles east

\* *ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.*

Fair Ladies, I pray for one moment to stay,  
Until, with submission, I tell you,  
What Muslins so curious, for uses so various,  
A Poet has here brought to sell you.

Here's Handkerchiefs charming, Book-muslin like ermine,  
Brocaded, strip'd, corded, and check'd:  
Sweet Venus, they say, on Cupid's birth day,  
In British made muslins was deck'd.

If these can't content ye, here's Muslins in plenty,  
From one shilling up to a dozen,  
That Juno might wear, and more beauteous appear,  
When she means the old Thund'rer to cozen.

Here are fine Jaconets, of numberless sets,  
With spotted and sprigged Festoons;  
And lovely Tambours, with elegant flow'rs,  
For bonnets, cloaks, aprons, or gowns.

Now, ye Fair, if ye chuse any piece to peruse,  
With pleasure I'll instantly show it;  
If the Pedlar should fail to be favour'd with sale,  
Then I hope you'll encourage the Poet.

from Edinburgh, stretching along the frith of Forth, which, at this place, may be ten or twelve miles broad; the streets are wide and well paved; its inhabitants numerous, a great many of whom are butchers, which appears by the numberless carcases of sheep, calves, cows, &c. that are to be seen suspended in rows at almost every door. Edinburgh is their market, to which, every morning, their stores are conveyed. This day saw several troops of dragoons reviewed, which made a formidable appearance, on an extensive level green, that spreads along the shore, where the game of golph is much practised by parties of gentlemen; and is, in my opinion, a more healthy than entertaining amusement.

*Sept. 19.* I have this day collected a few subscriptions. Encountered, in my excursions through the town, with a son of the muses, who, on looking over the proposals and specimen, snarled at some expression that displeased him. I, in defence, mentioned a similar phrase which Thomson had used. "Aye, aye," said he "Thomson's was poetry, but this is none;" and then, after a little meditation and muttering to himself, he altered the line, which I, to humour him, confessed to be

a beautiful amendment. Pleased with this, he set down his own name, and, smiling, said, "D—n me! I'll procure some subscribers for you;" In the course of our conversation, he told me that he had finished several pieces; among the rest, two farces, and an English translation of the Gentle Shepherd. This day an old Lady, whom I had importuned in vain to add to the list of subscribers, gave me a solemn advice, that as I was but a young author, and unacquainted with the world, not to spend the money I might make, on women and wine. "I am exceedingly obliged to you Madam," returned I, "for the advice you are pleased to give me; but if I meet with no better encouragement from the world than I have received from your ladyship, I believe your good counsel will be superfluous."

Another gentleman's mansion I was approaching when the owner appeared, whom I saluted, presenting him the proposals. He stared at the paper some moments, as if it had been a monster, then, with a contemptuous sneer, exclaimed, "O Ch—st! I'll have nothing to do with it—some d—n'd stuff or other." I met also with a school-master, who seemed to be a son of Bacchus, Learn-



ing and Snuff; for, after several good observations on the specimen, and an enormous draught of snuff, he declared he would most certainly take a copy; "But, remember," says he, "by Jupiter, we will offer up one half of its price at the shrine of Bacchus."

Sept. 21. Fisher-row. This place is separated from Musselburgh only by a river, over which is a wooden bridge, three feet broad, and near one hundred and fifty long; the breadth of the channel being occasioned by the flowing of the sea. The inhabitants of this place are mostly fishers, from whom the town takes its name. While I staid here a very melancholy accident happened at a place called Roslin, some miles up the river. A newly married couple had been on a visit to a friend's house, where they staid till the night was far advanced. In coming home they had the river to cross, over which went a feeble wooden bridge, railed only at one side. The night being dark and stormy, the bridge but narrow, and the river swelled by the rains, her husband desired her to hold by his coat while he went before, which she accordingly attempted to do; but, missing her step, plunged headlong into the current. The husband,

imagining that he did not feel her behind him, and unable to hear for the noise which the wind made among the trees, turned quickly about, and ran to the other end of the bridge, thinking she had staid behind; but, not finding her there, he called her by name, as loud and as long as he could, "Peggy! Peggy!" but, alas! Peggy was gone, never more to return, and the unhappy man went home in a case not to be described; was seized with a fever, which, in a short time, rendered him delirious. Next day the corpse of this unfortunate young woman was found near Fisher-row harbour, where the river discharges itself into the sea, stripped of every thing of value. The body was opened by the Surgeons, when it was found that she was six months advanced in her pregnancy. The child and its mother I saw both decently interred by her friends next day.

While I was traversing from house to house, I was told, by almost every body, of a Taylor, a great Poet, who, as the women and fishers informed me, could make a Poet of any thing. Curious to see this prodigy of wit, I sought out his hut, and found it. On my entrance, I perceived a little shrunk creature, perched, cross-legged,

on a table, making his head and hand keep time with one another. I boldly entered, and asked what he would buy. "Nothing," says he,—"Have you any strong gray thread?" I told him I was sorry I had none, "Any needles or thimbles?" I am just out of them at present. "Then," replied he, "you have nothing for me." No! perhaps I may have something to suit you for all that. "No, no," returned he, and fell a whistling. Here a pause ensued. At length, says I, you are certainly acquainted with the rules of composition, friend, or you would not whistle that tune so justly, "Composition!" said he, "Do you know what composition is?" "Not I; but I have heard Poets and Fiddlers, when speaking of a song, or tune, call it composition." "You are not far wrong," continued he. "Did you ever read any Poetry?" "Yes, I have read the Wife of Belsh, and ballads, and the Psalms, and many others." "And do you understand them?" "Excellently," replied I, "and I delight to read metre." "Lay down your Pack for a moment, then says he, nimbly sliding from the table. I'll show you something curious. You'll perhaps not have heard of me, but I am a bit of a Poet; I make verses myself sometimes." Hereupon pulling out the drawer of an old



chest, and rustling some time among a parcel of papers, he presented me with a printed piece, entitled *King Crispianus' march through Fisher-row*, which I read aloud with seeming rapture, though, at the same time, I could scarce suppress a continued succession of yawnings, while the exulting author stared steadfastly in my face the whole time; and seeing me admire the first so much, tortured me with a second, and a third, all equally sublime. I now began to interrogate him as to his knowledge of Poetry, and found him entirely ignorant of every thing save rhyme. Happening to ask him if ever he had read any of Pope or Milton's pieces, he told me he never had, for he did not understand one word of Latin. I showed him my Proposals, asked him to subscribe, and said I knew the Author. He read part of them with excessive laughter, declared that the author was certainly a learned fellow, and that he would cheerfully subscribe, but his wife was such a devil, that if she knew of him doing any thing without her approbation, there would be no peace in the house for months to come: "And, by the bye, says he, we are most dismally poor. I assure you there has been nothing with us this many a day, but potatoes and herring." I told him that poverty was

the characteristic of a poet. " You are right, says he, and for that very reason I am proud of being poor." I left this votary of rhyme, and went through the rest of the town, meeting with no other adventure worthy of being remembered.

Sept. 22. Left this place, and proceeded eastwards about three miles, to Prestonpans. This town is larger but not so regular as the last, neither are the houses so good, but rather ruinous, the streets, on account of the numerous salt-pans, black and narrow, and the buildings, if so they may be called, dismally exhibiting the effects of time's all-devouring jaws, tottering on the brink of dissolution, and threatening every gale of wind, to be the eternal residences of their possessors. About a mile to the southward of this, the battle of Preston-pans was fought, where the gallant Colonel Gardiner fell, whose house stands near the place of action. Leaving this place, with little success, I pursued my way eastward, passing a small village on the shore, called Cockenzie, composed chiefly of salt-pans, and the workmens' huts. Five miles farther east, I came to another village, called Aberlady. Here I propose to spend the night,

and moralize on the toils and disappointments of the day.

Sept. 23. Rose by day-break, and proceeded on my pilgrimage. The country, for about three miles to the east of this, along the shore, is a sandy level, interspersed with little hillocks, and inhabited by an innumerable swarms of rabbits, under the dominion of an old Weaver, whose sole prerogative and occupation it is, in the winter season, to apprehend, execute, and dispose of them to the best advantage.

Entered about nine o'clock, the town of North-Berwick, a sea-port, situated at the extremity of a long sandy bay. About half a mile south from this, a high hill rises, named North-Berwick-Law, and is seen at a vast distance, both by sea and land.

With much difficulty I reached its top, on which is erected the two jaw-bones of a whale, and over them a pendant streams in the wind. The view from this is really beautiful. The wide German ocean spreading in the east, far as the eye can reach. The county of Fife, and wild enormous



ranges of mountains to the north ; while the frith of Forth, stretching to the west, lies spotted with rocks, ships, and small islands. After satisfying my curiosity, descend to North-Berwick, where I intend to repose for this night.

Sept. 24. Left this place, and continued eastwards, passing along a very steep and rocky shore, till I came to a place, called Comly-bay, where a few solitary fishermen live. At the eastern extremity of this bay, the shore rises so high, that I was forced to take to hands and feet, and climb for a considerable way, till I reached the summit of it. Here I had a near and agreeable view of the Bass, a large rock, almost circular, rising out of the sea to the dreadful height of 600 feet, and distant from the shore about a mile, giving the spectator an awful idea of its almighty founder, *who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance*, who by one word raised into existence this vast universe, with all these unwieldy rocks ; and who will, when his almighty goodness shall think fit, with one word, command them to their primitive nothing. The ruins of an old castle are still to be seen on its south side, which was formerly used as a place of confinement to many of the persecuted presbyte-

rians. Prodigious numbers of Solan geese build among the cliffs of the rock, the method used to catch their young is somewhat dangerous. As soon as it is perceived that the young are arrived at their proper bigness, which they do ere capable of flying (this happens generally about the middle of July) then the climber has a rope fixed round his middle, with a feather pillow bound on his breast, to prevent sharp pointed crags from wounding him in his ascent or descent. Being thus secured he is let down over the verge of the rock, till he come to the nests of the geese, while flying and screaming around him in vast multitudes, and of nameless kinds, deploring the loss of their unfortunate young. A considerable number of boats are stationed below, ready to receive the fowls, as soon as he drives them from their holes. This is easily effected; the birds unable to support themselves, and falling from such a height, are so stunned, that, before they can recover themselves, they are snatched from the sea and secured. This method they yearly repeat, sending those caught to Edinburgh, where they are generally sold at two shillings, or two and six pence each. The climber, who, at this season, resides constantly on the

island, has a little hut built, where he sells liquor, bread, cheese, &c. for the accommodation of those sportsmen who visit the rock for the diversion of shooting. The shore all along here is exceedingly high and rugged, while a ceaseless surf rolls impetuously among the precipitated fragments below. Proceeding a mile farther east, I came to the remains of an old fortification, known by the name of Tamtallan. It is built on the verge of a high shore, overhanging the sea, nearly opposite to the Bass, and distant from it a long mile, composed of three towers, about sixty paces from each other, and joined by a strong high wall, all seemingly whole, except the west tower, which hangs in ruins. I measured the wall, and found it, in many places, more than ten feet thick, and strongly cemented. The whole building is about six storeys, quite inaccessible towards the sea, and seems to have been deeply trenched toward the land. This place, and the Bass, are both the property of Sir Hugh Dalrymple of Leuchie, proprietor of a large estate in this country, of that name, and superior of the town of North Berwick.

Having sufficiently examined this ancient structure, I proceeded forwards, and night coming on,



arrived at a small village, called Whitekirk, and obtained lodgings in a little ale-house. While I sat conversing with the landlord, he told me the following story, that happened to a family in the neighbourhood, which, as it exhibits a remarkable occurrence of Providence, I shall relate. About six months ago, the master of the house, who was by trade a fisher, fell sick, and continued in a lingering way until about three weeks ago, when, his distemper growing worse, increased to that degree that all hopes of recovery were gone. In these circumstances he prepared himself for his dissolution, in a manner that became a Christian, and agreeable to the character he had all along been distinguished by when in health and vigour. Meantime his wife was pregnant, and drew near the time of her delivery, and it gave the poor man no small uneasiness to think that he should not see his last offspring; and it was one of his fervent petitions to Heaven, that he might be spared until that time. Some short time after this, he grew extremely ill, and all his relations were called in to take their last farewell. While they stood round his bed, expecting his immediate departure, his wife was taken suddenly ill, and, in less than an hour, was delivered of twins, which the dying

man no sooner understood, than he made signs to them to send for the minister, who accordingly in a short time came. He then attempted to rise in the bed, but his strength was exhausted. Hereupon one of his daughters went up to the bed behind him, and supported his hands, until he held up both the children; first one and then the other. Then kissing them both, delivered them over to their mother, and reclining his head softly on the pillow, expired.

*Sept. 23:* Set forward on my way to Dunbar, seeing little by the way worthy of notice, only now-and-then two whale jaw-bones erected at the entrance to some distinguished farm-houses, the thick ends fixed in the ground, and the two points meeting at top, forming a kind of arch, capable of letting the highest coach or loaded cart pass thro'; being generally from sixteen to eighteen feet in height. Passed this day several elegant farm-houses, the politeness of whose inhabitants claims little of my praise; who, taking them in general, are so lost to humanity and discretion, that when a poor pedlar approaches their sacred mansions, engages and vanquishes a surly Tyger-like Mastiff (who guards the door and bears his master's hospitality

in his countenance) and even forces his way to the kitchen, he is no sooner in, than, as if they were afraid that he brought the pestilence along with him, he is huffed out, and the door clapt behind him. Such are the effects of pride and luxury : such the effects that wealth and independence produce in the dispositions of the illiterate and uncultivated. On the other hand, the poor cottager welcomes you into his little hut, invites you to sit down, and even presses you to partake of his homely fare, seeming happy to have it in his power to be hospitable to a stranger. Met with nobody this day but had more books than they made a good use of.

*Sept. 24.* This morning rose early to take a view of the town (Dunbar) which is pretty large ; the main-street broad, and running from north to south contains the only buildings of any note. The Provost's house closes the view at the north end, fronted with a row of trees, making a very neat appearance. Several narrow lanes lead down to the shore, possessed chiefly by fishers. At the west end of the harbour they have lately built a battery of stone, in the form of a half moon, mounting seventeen twelve pounders. This is the effect of Paul



Jones's appearance in the frith last war, who came so near this place, with some of his ships, as to demolish some of the chimney tops, and put the inhabitants in a terrible consternation. They are also building a new pier from the battery, which will certainly be attended with a vast expence, and even without affording general content. A little to the west of this are still to be seen the ruins of the castle of Dunbar, built on a rock that juts into the sea, hollowed with gloomy caves, through which, in a storm, the waves roar horribly; which, joined to the ruins above, forms a most dismal appearance.

*Sept. 25.* Having done some little business in this place, and there being no other towns to the east or south, for a considerable way, have bargained with the master of a sloop, with whom I intend to embark for Burntisland, in Fife-shire, a town about 30 miles from this, and almost opposite to Edinburgh.

*Sept. 26.* Went on board early this morning for Burntisland, with a good gale a stern, passed the Bass, and several other small islands, and land-

ed at Burntisland, after a pleasant passage of six hours.

*Sept. 28. Burntisland.* In this place the lover of ruins would be hugely entertained, when whole streets are to be seen in solitary desolation. They have an excellent harbour here; to which in a hard gale of easterly wind, the shipping in Leith roads repair. Some time ago a thick silk manufactory was established here, and seemed, for a while, to prosper, but on account of some differences arising among the partners, has now dwindled to a name. About a mile to the westward of this is a petrifying spring, which I had the curiosity to visit; the water is hard and well-tasted; and all along the shore, for the space of a quarter of a mile, are to be seen the produce of the spring, rocks hung frightfully tottering over one another, where the different courses of the stream has been before. In some places I found the stone forming, resembling those pendicles of ice that hang by the house eaves. This is used as a watering-place by the ships of war lying in the roads and other vessels outward bound. This town being nearly opposite to Leith, a passage-boat goes from this every day, save Sunday, and even then, if encouragement offers. The water is seven miles broad, and a

single passenger pays six-pence. A pretty large sugar-work is also on foot here, seemingly to thrive. This evening went down, and took a view of a strange vessel, called the Experiment, launched from the sands of Leith, built on an entire new construction, and has been in this harbour these twelve months; measuring about one hundred feet in length, being almost two distinct vessels under one deck, but with two keels, two rudders, and five masts, and seems to have been the monstrous production of some Mathematician's delirious pericranium. It was built at a vast expence, and without any visible intention or use, but that of an experiment.

Sept. 29. Went two miles along the shore, eastward, to Kinghorn. On my way visited a famous Spa well, whose waters are deservedly esteemed by people languishing under a consumption. The flow of water is but small, seeping out from a cleft rock, which rises above it thirty or forty feet. On spring-tides the sea flows nearly up to the well, beside which is a convenient seat cut out from the rock, where you can sit and receive the water in a vessel from the spring, and near that a large cave enters the rocks, where you may be se-



cured from the storm ; so that here is at once shelter for the traveller, drink for the thirsty, a seat for the weary, and health for the sick, all from the rough but bounteous hand of Nature. About half a mile to the westward of this, on the shore, which hangs gloomily above the sea, is the place where Alexander III. was killed by a fall from his horse, while on a hunting party ; which place still retains the name of *The King's wud en*. Kinghorn is but a small place ; its inhabitants subsisting chiefly by the passage, which is the most frequented on the frith, a considerable number of boats still passing and repassing to and from the Petty-cur, a harbour about half a mile west from the town. In a large boat the passenger pays six-pence ; in a pinnace, which is most convenient, in a smooth sea, ten-pence. The town is composed of an irregular assemblage of poor, low, ruinous, tile-covered huts ; but if miserable without, still more so within. Almost every house being so dark, black, and dirty, that I wrong them not to stile each the cave of misery, and desolation. The inhabitants are almost all boatmen and their whole commerce being with strangers, whom perhaps they may never see again, makes them avaricious, and always on the catch. If a stranger comes to town at night, intending to

go over next morning, he is taken into a lodging. One boatman comes in—sits down, promises to call you in the morning, assists you to circulate the liquor, and after a great deal of loquacity, departs. In a little another enters, and informs you that the fellow who had just now left you, goes not over at all, but that he goes, and for a glass of gin he will awake you, and take you along with him. Willing to be up in time, you generously treat him. According to promise you are awakened on the morning, and assured that you have time enough to take breakfast, in the middle of which, hoarse roarings alarm you that the boat is just going off. You start up, call for your bill, the landlord appears, charges you like a nobleman—there is no time for scrupling—you are hurried away by the boatman on the one hand, and genteely extorted by the landlord on the other, who pockets his money, and bids you haste, lest you lose your passage; and perhaps, after all, when you get on board, you are detained an hour or more by the sailors waiting for more passengers. Such, and a thousand more mean tricks, they practise on the unsuspecting stranger, and all under a shew of the most extreme kindness. While here I enquired

for Pattie Birnie, the famous fiddler\*, and was told a great many anecdotes of him, by some of the old people who remember to have seen him. I applied to a literary character in this town, with a subscription paper, but he told me he did not find himself inclined to meddle with it, saying, I should apply my talents to prose-writing, for he doubted much if I would meet with great encouragement in the poetical branch, so many good poets having transmitted us pieces inimitable by succeeding ages. I told him if we never attempted to rival them, we made them seemingly inimitable indeed; but when young genius, fired with the love of that applause which former poets had met with, strove to attract the observation of the world, and soar above their progenitors, I should imagine they merited encouragement for having spirit enough to make the attempt. He said it was ambition to make such attempts, and to encourage ambition was not right; and ere I could return an answer he slipped to his room, while I came away, cursing his stupidity. To several others I have applied, but they know not what poetry is, so cannot, as they said, subscribe. Returned back to Burnt-issland after sun-set.

\* For a particular description of this curious original. See Ramis, 2. Poems.



*Sept. 30.* This morning a sloop foundered within a mile of the shore, in attempting to get into the harbour. The cries of her unhappy men alarmed the crew of a cutter, lying at small distance, who perceived two persons clinging by the mast. A boat was immediately sent off to their relief, but though she rowed several times round the wreck could discover no appearance of man or boy—Sudden indeed are the transitions from time to Eternity! yet awful and important the change! How happy, how unspeakably happy they, who are prepared for such a warning! Who through the jaws of death are received into never-ceasing joy, and inconceivable delight! But, alas! how deplorable the situation of those, who, in such extremities, by the brittle thread of life hang over an eternal world of woe! To them death stares in ten thousand despairing forms, to them death is unutterable horror, and to them how precious would be one hour, or one moment.

*Oct. 1.* This being the day set apart for electing the magistrates of a neighbouring town, the whole council, consisting of a parcel of weavers, shoemakers, taylors, &c. assembled. After the election they adjourned to a public house to dine, where

the jolly God Bacchus, or his representative Aquavitæ, raised such an uproar in their brains, that tables were levelled, chairs broken, bowls dashed to pieces, and stoups and glasses flew thro' the room with such rapidity, as threatened destruction to whatever they encountered; and one taylor, in particular, forgetting himself so much, as to believe he was provost, began to exercise his authority in loud commands to silence, until he should address them. All his endeavours to obtain silence proving vain, he dealt the wand of justice around him with such mettle and impartiality, that, roused to vengeance, the whole assembly began (like the Philistines of old) to cudgeling one another, Mars swelled the horrid scene, while Discord clapt her footy wings over them. Broken shins, heads, and noses brought many a one to the floor, where they weltered, if not among their own blood, among their own p—s, till sleep arrested the weary warriors in many a drousy attitude.

*Oct. 2.* I have this day, I believe, measured the height of a hundred stairs, and explored the recesses of twice that number of miserable habitations, and what have I gained by it? Only two shillings of worldly pelf, but an invaluable treasure of ob-

servation. In this elegant dome, wrapt up in  
 glittering silks, and stretched on the downy sofa,  
 reclines the fair daughters of wealth and indolence.  
 The ample mirror, flowery floor, and magnificent  
 couch, their furrounding attendants, while suspend-  
 ed in his wiry habitation above, the shrill-pip'd  
 Canary warbles to enchanting echoes. Within the  
 confines of that smoky hovel, hung round with  
 squadrons of his brother artists, the pale-fac'd wea-  
 ver plies the resounding lay, or launches the me-  
 lancholy, murmuring shuttle. Lifting this simple  
 latch, and stooping for entrance to the miserable  
 hut, there sits Poverty, and ever-moaning Disease,  
 clothed in dunghill rags, and ever shivering o'er  
 the fireless chimney. Ascending this stair, the voice  
 of joy bursts on my ear, the Bridegroom and Bride,  
 furrounded by their jocund companions, circle  
 the sparkling glass and humorous joke, or join in  
 the raptures of the noisy dance, the squeaking  
 fiddle breaking through the general uproar in sud-  
 den intervals, while the bounding floor groans be-  
 neath its unruly load. Leaving these happy mor-  
 tals, and ushering into this silent mansion, a more  
 solemn, a striking object presents itself to my view.  
 The windows, the furniture, and every thing that  
 could lend one chearful thought, are hung in so-



lemn white; and there, stretch'd pale and lifeless, lies the awful corpse; while a few weeping friends sit black and solitary near the breathless clay. In this other place, the fearless sons of Bacchus extend their brazen throats in shouts like bursting thunder, to the praise of their gorgeous Chief. Opening this door, the lonely matron explores for consolation her Bible: and in this house the wife brawls, the children shriek, and the poor husband bids me depart, lest his termagant's fury should vent itself on me. In short such an inconceivable variety daily occurs to my observation in real life, that would, were they moralized upon, convey more maxims of wisdom, and give a juster knowledge of mankind, than whole volumes of Lives and Adventures, that perhaps never had a being, except in the prolific brains of their fantastic authors.



F I N I S.

